

THE
FAMILY SINGING BOOK;

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES,

FOR THE USE OF

FAMILIES AND SOCIAL CIRCLES.

REVISED EDITION, WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB.

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BOSTON:
US COBB, 61 CORNHILL.

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P R E F A C E .

The compiler of this little book has long seen and felt the need of something of the kind for family use. Devotional singing in the family, morning and evening, or at any convenient season, is both a pleasant and profitable exercise. But there are two circumstances which have stood in the way, in most families, of a convenient and familiar exercise of this delightful privilege. The first is, that the older and younger members of the family are not acquainted with the same set of tunes; and the second is, the want of a cheap book, containing both a good assortment of rich and simple tunes, and an ample collection of appropriate hymns.

P R E F A C E T O R E V I S E D E D I T I O N .

The compiler, since the issue of the former edition, has seen more fully its adapt edness to the use of social conference meetings, and meetings for public worship, where there is not a regular ministry and trained choir; and of the church in the communion service, where it is not convenient to use the large singing books; and to use also at funerals, especially at the place of interment, where hymns 51, 52, 54, 140, 144, 145, 149, 348 and 351 are particularly appropriate. Therefore, to accommodate more perfectly all these and other wants, we get up this Revised Edition, with the addition of a Supplement of 32 pages, containing 16 tunes and 75 hymns, rich in sentiment and poesy. Of the tunes, Dr. Lowell Mason, and Professors Geo. J. Webb, and B. F. Baker, and A. V. Valentine of Iowa, have composed each a choice tune, expressly for our Supplement. They have our warmest thanks. So has S. B. Ball, Esq., for the gift of one of his tunes; and G. Jenkins, for the gift of one by L. Hawkes, never before published; and Prof. I. B. Woodbury, of New York, for his gift of the one which he recently composed, and published in his "Musical Pioneer;" and his generous permission to take several tunes from his "Dulcimer;" and to Mrs. Cox, for sending us that good old air harmonized, with the hymn, on the last page; and also to others whose permission has been cheerfully granted us to use tunes from their publications, as will appear from the credits duly given in their place.

We will here remark, that in making up the original selection, we took some tunes of living authors, which we found astray, and in our haste did not inform ourself of their authorship, and accordingly failed to give credit. Of these, Hebron, Ward, Hamburg, Ames, Welton, Zerah, Woodstock, and Boylston, are Dr. Lowell Mason's, having merit enough to immortalize the author's name; and Utica is Rev. Thos. Whittemore's. We thank them for their subsequent acquiescence in the fact. Other friends have kindly assisted us, and, with those above named, have offered more than we had room to use.

We will add, that regular church choirs will find it convenient to have a supply of this book on hand, for the selection of closing Voluntaries; and Sunday Schools, also, to interchange with their Service Books, for variety.

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1. From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's praise a-rise ;

Let the Re-deem-er's name be sung Through ev'ry land, by ev'-ry tongue.

2 O God, our hearts are fixed and bent
Their thankful tribute to present;
And, with the heart, the voice, we'll raise
To thee, our God, in songs of praise.

3 Thy praises, Lord, we will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here as there obeyed.

2 *Acceptable Worship.*

1 Come! pay the worship God requires,
Inflam'd with pure and holy fires;

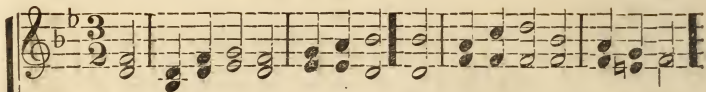
When love celestial warms the breast,
Our homage, and our vows, are blest.

2 When piety, and truth refin'd,
Possess the temple of the mind,
With grateful flames the altars glow,
And God will visit man below.

3 *Humble Devotion.*

1 Eternal Source of life and thought,
Be all beneath thyself forgot,
Whilst thee, great Parent mind, we own,
In prostrate homage round thy throne.

2 O may we live before thy face,
The willing subjects of thy grace;
And through each path of duty move
With filial awe and filial love!



6 *Morning Resolutions.*

1 Awake, my soul! and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear;
Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins like morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and
And with thyself my spirit fill. [will,

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

7 *Trusting God. Evening Hymn.*

1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, thro' thy dear Son,
The ills which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 O, may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

4 Be thou my Guardian while I sleep;
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

5 Lord, let my heart forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face and sing thy love.

8 *Abide with us.*

1 Abide with us; the evening shades
Begin already to prevail;
And, as the lingering twilight fades,
Dark clouds in fields of azure sail.

2 Abide with us; the night is chill;
And damp and cheerless is the air;
Be our companion, Stranger, still,
And thy repose shall be our care.

3 Abide with us; thy converse sweet
Has well beguiled the tedious way;
With such a Friend we joy to meet,
We supplicate thy longer stay.

4 Abide with us; for well we know
Thy skill to cheer the gloomy hour;
Like balm thy honeyed accents flow;
Our wounded spirits feel their power.

5 Abide with us; and still converse
Of him who late on Calvary died;
Of him the prophecies rehearse;
He was our Friend they crucified.

6 Abide with us; we feel the charm,
That binds us to our unknown Friend;
Here pass the night secure from harm,
Here, Stranger, let thy wanderings end.

Air.

1. How pleasant, how divine - ly fair, O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are!

With long de - sire my spir - it faints To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
 Around thy throne of majesty;
 Thy brightest glories shine above,
 And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
 Within the temple of thy grace;
 There they behold thy gentler rays,
 And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
 To find the way to Zion's gate;
 God is their strength; and thro' the road
 They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
 Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
 Till all before thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.

10 *Sabbath Morning.*

1 Dear is the hallowed morn to me,
When Sabbath bells awake the day,
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.

2 And dear to me the winged hour,
Spent in thy hallowed courts, O Lord!
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.

3 And dear to me the loud Amen,
Which echoes through the blest abode,
Which swells and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

4 Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six days' chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's
And lets my spirit loose again. [bands,

5 Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms;
Ours be the prophet's car of fire
That bears us to a Father's arms.

11 *Sabbath Evening.*

1 There is a time when moments flow
More happily than all beside;
It is of all the times below,
A Sabbath of the eventide.

2 O then the setting sun shines fair,
And all below, and all above,
The various forms of Nature, wear
One universal garb of love.

3 And then the peace that Jesus bro't,
The life of grace eternal beams,
And we, by his example taught,
Improve the life his love redeems.

4 Delightful scene! a world at rest;
A God all love; no grief, no fear;
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile, unsullied by a tear.

12 *Morning or Evening Hymn.*

1 My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers. [night,

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

13 *The Lord's Prayer.*

1 Thy name be hallowed evermore;
O God! thy kingdom come with power!
Thy will be done, and day by day,
Give us our daily bread, we pray.

2 Lord! evermore to us be given
The living bread that came from heaven:
Water of life on us bestow,
Thou art the Source, the Fountain thou.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;

To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.
O may my heart in tune be found, Like Da-vid's harp of solemn sound.

Finis.

Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest, No mortal care shall seize my breast;

Del Segno.

2

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his
word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they
shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

3

When shall I see, and hear, and
know,
All I desired or wished below,
And every pow'r find sweet employ
In an eternal world of joy?

15 *Star of Bethlehem.*

When, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering
Deep horror then my vitals froze, [bark;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose, —
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my Guide, my Light, my All:
It made my dark forebodings cease;
And, thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing beneath night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

16 *Reconciliation and Gratitude.*

1 The trifling joys this world can give
A thirsty soul can ne'er supply;
A soul which hopes, thro' grace, to live
In realms of bliss beyond the sky.
Yet, O my God, I would not slight
The smallest of thy gifts to me;
The least affords me some delight,
And shows thy mercy rich and free.

2 My friends, my health, my daily food,
All blessings granted here below,
Proclaim aloud that thou art good;
Thy goodness all the world shall know.
But O, it is a greater joy
To feel my heart is reconciled;
To know thou wilt my sins destroy,
And claim me as thy ransomed child.

17 *The Heavens declare the Glory
of God.*

1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars which round her
And all the planets in their turn, [burn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,—
"The hand that made us is divine."

Slow and soft.

1. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the ci - - ty of our God!

Life, love, and joy still glid-ing through, And watering our di - vine a - bode.

2 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

3 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with power.

19 *Reliance on God's Compassion
to Human Weakness.*

1 Great God! if nature, weak and frail,
To strong temptations oft gives way;
If doubt or passion should prevail
O'er wandering reason's feeble ray;

2 On thy compassion I rely:
Let not thy frowns my faults reprove;
Regard me with a father's eye,
And guide me with a father's love.

20 *A Peaceful Conscience.*

1 While some in folly's pleasures roll,
And court the joys that hurt the soul,
Be mine that silent, calm repeat,
A conscience peaceful to the last.

2 With this companion in the shade,
My soul no more shall be dismayed;
But fearless meet life's dreariest gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

3 Amidst the various scenes of ills,
Each blow some kind design fulfils;
And can I murmur at my God,
While love supreme directs the rod?

4 His hand will smooth my rugged way,
And lead me, to the realms of day;
To milder skies, and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

21 *Breathings of Grace.*

1 Like morning, when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in their furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light;

2 Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit, dark and lost before;
And freshening all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there.

3 Till David touched his sacred lyre,
In silence lay th' unbreathing wire;
But when he swept its chords along,
E'en angels stooped to hear the song.

4 So sleeps the soul, till thou, O Lord,
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord;
Till, waked by thee, its breath shall rise
In music worthy of the skies.

22 *Christian Union.*

1 How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are
[one.

2 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal wo:
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

3 Their hearts together seek the place
Where God reveals his smiling face;
How high, how strong their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

23 *Wisdom and Virtue sought from God.*

1 Supreme and universal Light!
Fountain of reason! Judge of right!
Parent of good! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below:

2 Assist us, Lord, to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing spirit came.

3 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
But with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.

4 O Father, grace and virtue grant!
No more we wish, no more we want:
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below,—is bliss above.

Moderato.

Kingdoms and thrones to God belong ; Crown him ye nations, in your song :

His wondrous name and power rehearse ; His honors shall en-rich your verse.

[blest;

2 Proclaim him king, pronounce him
He's your defence, your joy, your rest ;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

2 When disciplined by long distress,
And led through paths of fear and woe,
Say, dost thou love thy children less ?
No! ever-gracious Father, no!

25 *God's Care our Comfort.*

1 Oh! sweet it is to know, to feel,
In all our gloom, our wanderings here,
No night of sorrow can conceal
Man from thy notice, from thy care.

3 No distance can outreach thine eye,
No night obscure thy endless day ;
Be this my comfort when I sigh,
Be this my safeguard when I stray.

26 *Prayer for Divine Guidance.*

1 Teach me, O teach me, Lord! thy way;
So, to my life's remotest day,
By thy unerring precepts led,
My willing feet its paths shall tread.

2 Informed by thee, with sacred awe,
My heart shall meditate thy law;
And, with celestial wisdom filled,
To thee its full obedience yield.

3 Give me to know thy will aright,—
Thy will, my glory and delight,—
That, raised above the world, my mind
In thee its highest good may find.

4 O turn from vanity mine eye;
To me thy quickening strength supply;
And with thy promised mercy cheer
A heart devoted to thy fear.

27 *Angels from Heaven Strengthening Him.*

1 Lord! in thy garden agony,
No light seemed on thy soul to break,
No form of seraph lingered nigh,
Nor yet the voice of comfort spake.

2 Till, by thine own triumphant word,
The vict'ry over ill was won;
Till the sweet, mournful cry was heard,
"Thy will, O God, not mine, be done!"

3 Lord, bring these precious moments
When, fainting, against sin we strain; [back,
Or in thy counsels fail to track
Aught but the present grief and pain.

4 In weakness, help us to contend;
In darkness, yield to God our will;
And true hearts, faithful to the end,
Cheer by thine holy angels still!

28 *Prayer for Religious Principle*

1 Amidst a world of hopes and fears,
A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat;

2 Shed down, O Lord! a heavenly ray,
To guide me in the doubtful way;
And o'er me hold thy shield of power,
To guard me in the dangerous hour.

3 Teach me the flattering paths to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run,
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

4 May never pleasure, wealth or pride,
Allure my wandering soul aside;
But through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.

29 *Prayer for Divine Help.*

1 Be with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what thou wouldst have me
Show me my weakness, let me see [do;
I have my power, my all from thee.

2 Enrich me always with thy love;
My kind protection ever prove;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy spirit on me rest.

3 Assist and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorr'st that let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee.

Slow.

1. Ye van - i - ties of earth a - way, A - way ye tempters of the mind,

False as the smooth de - ceitful sea, And emp - ty as the whistling wind.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And, whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me
[there.</p> | <p>4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!</p> |
| <p>3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss;
That drew me from those treach'rous
And bade me seek superior bliss. [seas</p> | <p>5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.</p> |

31 *Christian Vigilance and Reproof.*

1 Lord, when I call, make haste to hear,
And to my voice incline thine ear;
So shall my prayer like incense rise,
My lifted hands like sacrifice.

2 O set upon my lips a guard,
And let my tongue be doubly barred;
Let not my heart to vice incline,
Nor let my hand in mischief join.

3 If e'er from wisdom's path I stray,
And walk in sin's delusive way,
Let virtue's friends, severely kind,
Reprove the errors of my mind.

[shed;
4 Their faithful words, like ointment
Shall never bruise, but heal my head;
And when I find them pressed with grief,
I'll pray to Heaven for their relief.

32 *Holy Resolution.*

1 Ah, wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

2 I would resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 O, be his service all my joy;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wander from thy sacred ways:
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

33 *The Blessing of Meekness.*

1 Happy the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No storms his peaceful tent invade;
He rests beneath th' Almighty wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.

3 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild,
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us as we aim to bless.

34 *"We walk by faith, not by sight."*

1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and truth our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she flies,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

Poco Adagio.

1. God in his earthly temple lays Foundation for his heavenly praise ;

2. His mercy visits every house That pay their night and morning vows ;

3. What glories were described of old ! What wonders are of Zi-on told !

4 6 6 6 - 6 4

He likes the tents of Ja-cob well, But still in Zi-on loves to dwell,

But makes a more delight-ful stay, Where churches meet to praise and pray.

Thou ci - ty of our God be-low, Thy fame shall all the na - tions know.

6 4-6 5 4 3
6-8 7 6 5

36 *Devout Considerations and Desires.*

1 As showers on meadows newly mown,
The Lord shall shed his blessings down;
Crowned with whose life-infusing drops,
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.

2 The dews and rains, in all their store,
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

3 As, in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend, and cheer the fainting flowers,
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

4 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

5 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but poured on all mankind,
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

37 *"Abide with us, for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent."*

1 'Tis gone, that bright and orb'd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

2 Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

38 *The Providence of Life.*

1 Almighty King! whose wondrous hand
Supports the weight of sea and land,
Whose grace is such a boundless store,
No heart shall break that sighs for more!

2 Thy providence supplies my food,
And 'tis thy blessing makes it good:
My soul is nourished by thy word;
Let soul and body praise the Lord.

3 My streams of outward comfort came
From him who built this earthly frame;
Whate'er I want his bounty gives,
By whom my soul forever lives.

4 Either his hand preserves from pain,
Or, if I feel it, heals again;
From strife and sorrow shields my
Or overrules them for the best. [breast,

39 *Not Ashamed of Christ.*

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be!
A mortal man ashamed of thee;
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe—no good to crave,
No fears to quell—no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

1. Far from my tho'ts, vain world, be gone, Let my religious hours alone ;
2. Blest Jesus, what delicious fare ! How sweet thine entertainments are !

Fain would my eyes my Saviour see ; I wait a vis - it, Lord, from thee.
Nev - er did an - gels taste, a - bove, Re - deem - ing grace, and dy - ing love.

My heart grows warm with ho - ly fire, And kin - dles with a pure de - sire ;
Hail, great Im - man - uel, all di - vine ! In thee thy Fa - ther's glo - ries shine,

Come, my dear Jesus, from a - bove, And feed my soul with heavenly love.
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one, That eyes have seen, or an gels known.

41 *Doxology.*

To thee, O Lord, the God of Love,
 Who dwellest in the light above,
 Be honor, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.
 O, through thy Son, to us impart
 Thy spirit, to inspire each heart,
 That so our virtues may increase,
 And we enjoy thy perfect peace.

42 *Nature a Temple.*

1 The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
 My temple, Lord, that arch of thine;
 My censor's breath the mountain airs,
 And silent thoughts my only prayers.
 My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
 When murmuring homeward to their
 Or when the stillness of the sea, [caves,
 E'en more than music breathes of thee.

2 I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown
 All light and silence like thy throne,
 And the pale stars shall be, at night,
 The only eyes that watch my rite.
 Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
 Shall be my pure and shining book,
 Where I can read, in words of flame,
 The glories of thy wondrous name.

3 There's nothing bright, above, below,
 From flowers that bloom, to stars that
 But in its light my soul can see [glow,
 Some feature of thy Deity.
 There's nothing dark, below, above,
 But in its gloom I trace thy love,
 And meekly wait that moment when
 Thy touch shall turn all bright again.

43 *Praise for Truth.*

1 Rise, every heart and every tongue,
 Prepare a sweet, angelic song;
 Surprising mercies must require
 An angel's lay, a seraph's fire.
 The sun of heaven illumines the soul,
 Ocean's of mercies sweetly roll,
 The heavenly streams of truth and love
 Flow freely from the Fount above.

2 O, happy day! we live to see
 How kind to men our God can be;
 His greatest mercies stand confessed,
 And Zion is divinely blessed.
 Thy truth and loving kindness, Lord,
 We will with holy songs record;
 To us are richest favors given,
 And praises shall return to heaven.

44 *"Ye shall know them by their Fruits."*

1 So let our lips and lives express
 The holy gospel we profess;
 So let our works and virtues shine,
 To prove the doctrine all divine.
 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
 The honors of our Saviour, God,
 When the salvation reigns within,
 And grace subdues the power of sin.

2 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
 Passion and envy, lust and pride,
 While justice, temp'rance, truth and love
 Our inward piety approve.
 Religion bears our spirits up,
 While we expect that blessed hope,
 The bright appearance of the Lord,
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

Allegretto.

1. Lord, when thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousand angels filled the sky ;

2. Not Sinai's mountain could ap - pear More glorious, when the Lord was there ;

3. Raised by his Fa - ther to the throne, He sent his promised Spirit down ;

6 6 6 6 5 4 6 6 5 6

Those heavenly guards around thee wait, Like chariots, that at - tend thy state.

While he pronounced his ho - ly law, And struck the chos - en tribes with awe.

With gifts and grace for reb - el men, That God might dwell on earth a - gain.

6 6 6 6 4 3 3 3 3 6 6 8 7

46 *The River of Life.*

1 There is a pure and peaceful wave,
That issues from the throne of love,
Whose waters gladden as they lave
The bright and heavenly courts above.

2 In living streams behold that tide
Thro' Christ the rock profusely burst;
And in his word, behold supplied
The fount for which our spirits thirst.

3 The pilgrim faint, who seems to sink
Beneath the sultry sky of time,
May here repose, and freely drink
The waters of that better clime.

4 And every soul may here partake
The blessings of the fount above;
And none who drink will e'er forsake
The crystal stream of boundless love.

47 *In time of War.*

1 While sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground,
To thee we look, on thee we call,
The Parent and the Lord of all.

2 Thou, who hast stamped on human
The image of a heaven-born mind, [kind
And in a Father's wide embrace
Hast cherished all the kindred race,—

3 Great God, whose powerful hand can
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O, bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the maddening world to peace.

4 With reverence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy Son's blest errand from above,—
"My creatures, live in mutual love!"

48 *Annual Thanksgiving.*

1 Great God, let all our tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name:
Thy hand rolls on our circling hours,—
The hand from which our being came.

2 Seasons and moons, revolving round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.

3 To thee we raise the annual song;
To thee the grateful tribute give;
Our God doth still our years prolong,
And midst unnumbered deaths we live.

4 Each changing season on our souls
Its sweetest, kindest influence sheds;
And every period, as it rolls,
Showers countless blessings on our heads.

5 Our lives, our health, our friends, we
All to thy vast, unbounded love; [owe
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

49 *"This do in remembrance of me."*

1 'Eat, drink, in memory of your Friend,'
Such was our Master's last request;
Who all the pangs of death endured,
That we might live forever blest.

2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,
Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends!
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Our hearts can offer thee transcends.

3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give
Thy goodness thro' these veils to see;
Thy table food celestial yields,
And happy they who sit with thee.

Largo.

AIR. So fades the lovely blooming flow'r, Frail, smiling solace of an hour!

So soon our transient comforts fly. And pleasure only blooms to die!

2 Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh:
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Let gentle patience smile on pain,
Till dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

52 *Weeping Seed-time and Joyful
Harvest. Ps. 126.*

1 The darkened sky, how thick it lowers!
Troubled with storms, and big with
showers,
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
And nature pours forth all her tears.

2 But seeds of ecstasy unknown
Are in these watered furrows sown;
See the green blades, how thick they
rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes!

3 In secret foldings they contain
Unnumbered ears of golden grain:
And heaven shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

4 Then shall the trembling mourner
come
And bind his sheaves and bear them
home,
The voice long broke with sighs shall
sing,
Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

53 *The Same.*

1 On light-beams breaking from above,
The eternal course of mercy runs;
And by ten thousand cords of love
Our heavenly Father guides his sons.

2 Amidst affliction's thickest host,
And sorrow's darkest, mightiest band
The heavenly cord is drawn the most,
And most is felt the heavenly hand.

3 Oh be it mine to feel, to see,
Thro' earth's perplexed varying road,
The cords that link us, God, to thee,
And draw us to thine own abode.

54 *Anticipations of Heaven.*

1 While on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scenes on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Come, ye angelic guardians, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys and of your own.

3 The blissful interview how sweet,
To fall transported at his feet!
Raised in his arms, to view his face,
Thro' the full beamings of his grace!

4 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
I'll wait thy signal for my flight;
For, while thy service I pursue,
I find my heav'n begun below.

AIR. Lord, in thy great, thy glo - rious name, I place my hope, my

on - ly trust; Save me from sorrow, guilt and shame, Thou ev - er

gra - cious ev - er just, Thou ev - er gra - cious, ev - er just.

56 *Spiritual Provisions devoutly acknowledged.*

1. The Lord, our Shepherd, feeds his flock,
And shades them with the towering rock;
Our God provides each heavenly good,
And fills our souls with lasting food.

2 Where pastures grow in living green,
And spread a rich and flowing scene,
There do we rest, when toil o'ercomes,
Inhaling all the sweet perfumes.

3 Where waters of salvation flow,
To cheer the humble vale below,
There doth our Shepherd kindly guide,
And for our parching thirst provide.

4 When from this fold we ever stray,
He marks our wandering, devious way,
Reclaims our souls to blissful rest,
And brings us leaning on his breast.

5 Shepherd and Bishop of my soul,
O make thy wounded servant whole;
Continue all thy gifts of love,
Till I shall reach thy fold above.

57 *Perpetual Praise.*

1 When, wakened by thy voice of power,
The hour of morning beams in light,
My voice shall sing that morning hour,
And thee, who mad'st that hour so bright.

2 The morning strengthens into noon;
Earth's fairest beauties shine more fair;
And noon and morning shall attune
My grateful heart to praise and prayer.

3 When 'neath the evening western gate
The sun's retiring rays are hid,
My joy shall be to meditate,
E'en as the pious patriarch did.

4 As twilight wears a darker hue,
And gathering night creation dims,
The twilight and the midnight, too,
Shall have their harmonies and hymns.

5 So shall sweet thoughts, and thoughts sublime,
My constant inspirations be;
And every shifting scene of time
Reflect, my God, a light from thee.

58 *Praise for the Divine Goodness.*

1 Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
My God demands the grateful song:
Let all my nobler powers record,
The wond'rous mercy of the Lord.

2 Divinely free, his mercy flows,
Forgives my crimes, allays my woes;
He bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with indulgent love.

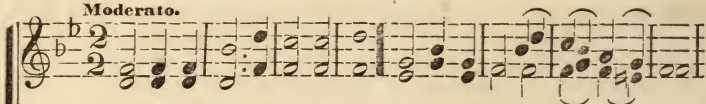
3 He fills my longing soul with good,
Substantial bliss! immortal food!
Youth smiles renew'd in active prime
And triumphs o'er the power of time.

4 In him the poor opprest shall find
A Friend, almighty, just and kind;
His glorious acts, his wond'rous ways,
To all the world proclaim his praise.

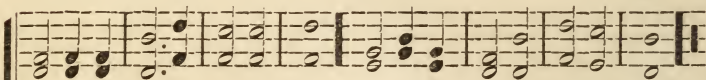
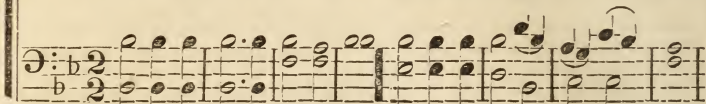
59 *Submission.*

1 Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will!
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let one murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

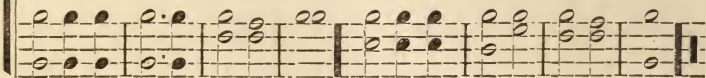
2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work,—the cause conceals;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

Moderato.

1 Thou great Instructor, lest I stray, Oh teach my err-ing feet thy way!



Thy truth with e-ver fresh de - light, Shall guide my doubtful steps a - right.



2 How oft my heart's affections yield,
And wander o'er the world's wide field!
My roving passions, Lord, reclaim;
Unite them all to fear thy name.

3 Then, to my God, my heart and tongue,
With all their pow'rs, shall raise the song;
On earth thy glories I'll declare,
Till heaven th' immortal notes shall hear.

61 *Self-Government.*

1 O thou, whose scales the mountains
Whose will the raging seas obey, [weigh,
Who canst the boisterous winds control,
Subdue the tumults of my soul.

2 May I with equal mind sustain
My lot of pleasure and of pain;
May joys and sorrows gently flow,
Nor rise too high, nor sink too low.

62 *On Entrance into a New Dwelling.*

1 Lord, with thy peaceful presence fill
This dwelling, while thy holy will
Shall here be done by willing hearts,
Who know the bliss thy grace imparts.

2 Here we the household altar raise,
And offer sacrifice of praise;
Morning and night this sacrifice
To thee acceptable shall rise.

3 Here may we dwell in love and peace,
Our blessings and our joys increase;
Our hearts with gratitude inspire
Thy boundless goodness to admire.

4 May health within this house abide,
And reason be our constant guide;
O give us length of peaceful days,
Direct and guard in all our ways.

5 And when we leave our dwellings here,
And in thy heavenly courts appear,
We'll praise thy name for favours past,
And trust "while life and being last."

63 *The Example of Christ.*

1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life thy law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy piety and zeal,
Thy defence to thy Father's will,
Thy love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Be thou my pattern, make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my
Among the followers of the Lamb. [name,

61 *Gratitude to God for his innumerable Mercies.*

1 In glad amazement, Lord! I stand,
Amidst the bounties of thy hand!
How numberless those bounties are!
How rich, how various, and how fair!

2 But O! what poor returns I make!
What lifeless thanks I pay thee back!
Lord! I confess with humble shame,
My off'rings scarce deserve the name.

3 Fain would my lab'ring heart devise
To bring some nobler sacrifice,
It sinks beneath the mighty load,
"What shall I render to my God?"

4 To him I consecrate my praise,
And vow the remnant of my days!
Yet what, at best, can I pretend,
Worthy such gifts from such a friend!

5 In deep abasement, Lord! I see
My emptiness and poverty;
Enrich my soul with grace divine,
And make me worthier to be thine.

65 *The Pleasures of Devotion.*

1 God of my strength! to thee I cry;
To thee, my surest refuge, fly:
O may thy light attend my way,
Thy truth afford its cheering ray!

2 Thy mercies, to my heart reveal'd,
A theme of endless transport yield;
Thy love does all my bosom fire,
Thy praise does all my song inspire.

4 In all our cares, in all our woes,
On God our steadfast hopes repose;
To God our thanks shall still be paid,
Our sure defence, our constant aid.

Now shall the tremblin^g mourn - er come, And bind his

sheaves, and bear them home; The voice, long broke, with

sighs shall sing, Till heaven with hal - le - lu - jahs ring.

67 *Trust in God.*

1 Why sinks my weak, desponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
Can sov'reign goodness be unkind?
Am I not safe, if God be nigh?

2 He holds all nature in his hand:
That gracious hand, on which I live,
Does life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame;
On him alone my hopes recline;
The wond'rous glories of his name,
How wide they spread! how bright they
[shine!]

4 Infinite wisdom! boundless power!
Unchanging faithfulness and love!
Here let me trust, while I adore,
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

68 *Loving Kindness of the Saviour.*

I Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving kindness, O how free!

2 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and sin, my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving kindness, O how strong!

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving kindness, O how good!

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last, expiring breath,
His loving kindness sing in death.

69 *Seeking God.*

1 Blest spirit! source of grace divine!
What soul-refreshing streams are thine!
O bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

2 No traveller through desert lands,
'Mid scorching suns and burning sands,
More eager longs for cooling rain,
Or pants the current to obtain.

3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
'Spring forth, celestial fountain, spring;
To a redundant river flow.
And cheer this thirsty land below.'

4 May this blest torrent near my side
Through all the desert gently glide;
Then, in Emmanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love.

70 *Glories of Christ.*

1 Now to the Lord a noble song:
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to Jehovah's name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 The spacious earth, and spreading
[flood,
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

3 But in thy Son a glory shines,
Drawn out in far superior lines;
The lustre of redeeming grace,
Outshines the beams of nature's face.

4 Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

My soul, thy great Cre - a - tor praise, When, clothed in his ce-

He in full maj-
les - tial rays,
He in, &c.
He in, &c.
He in, &c.

es - ty ap-pears, And like a robe his glo - ry wears.

He in full maj-es - ty appears, And like a robe his glo - ry wears.

And like a robe, &c. And like a robe, &c.

And like a robe his glo - ry wears.

72 *Sabbath Morning.*

1 Called by the Sabbath bells away,
 Unto thy holy temple, Lord,
 I'll go, with willing mind to pray,
 To praise thy name and hear thy word.

2 O sacred day of peace and joy,
 Thy hours are ever dear to me;
 Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy
 The holy calm I find in thee.

3 Dear are thy peaceful hours to me,
 For God has giv'n them in his love,
 To tell how calm, how blest shall be
 The endless day of heaven above.

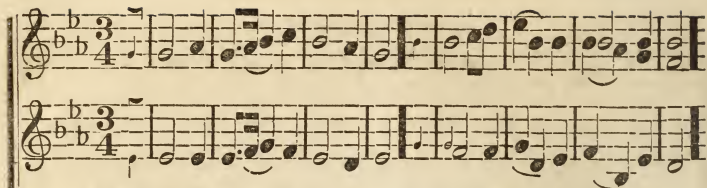
[3]

73 *Subjection to the Father of Spirits.*

1 Eternal Source of light and thought!
 Be all beneath thyself forgot,
 Whilst thee, great parent-mind, we own
 In prostrate homage round thy throne.

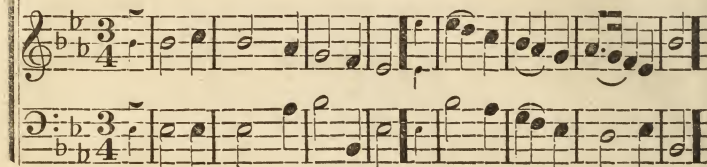
2 Whilst in themselves our souls survey
 Of thee some faint reflected ray,
 They wondering to their Father rise:
 His power how vast! his tho'ts how wise!

3 O may we live before thy face,
 The willing subjects of thy grace;
 And through each path of duty move,
 With filial awe, and filial love.

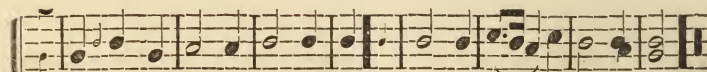


The first system of music consists of two staves in treble clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff. The music begins with a quarter rest followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes.

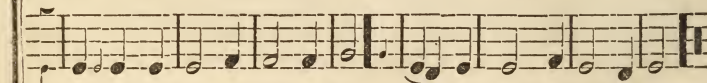
With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Maker in my song ;



The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both have a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The melody continues on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff.

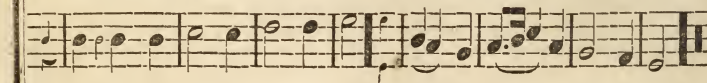


The third system of music consists of a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. It continues the melody from the previous system.

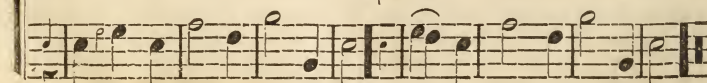


The fourth system of music consists of a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. It continues the melody from the previous system.

Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Approve the song and join the praise.



The fifth system of music consists of a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. It continues the melody from the previous system.



The sixth system of music consists of a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. It continues the melody from the previous system.

75 *For the Dedication of a Child.*

1 With holy fear, great God of heav'n,
We humbly bow before thy throne;
Us and the children thou hast given,
Wilt thou in love vouchsafe to own.

2 This precious gift of thy own love,
Great God, we dedicate to thee;
Smile from thy glorious throne above,
And let this act accepted be.

3 We feel, we know that we are thine,
Safe are our children in thy hand;
Our hearts and theirs do thou incline
To rev'rence always thy commands.

4 Yes, Lord, our offspring keep as thine,
In mercy lengthen out their days;
Through all their life may virtue shine;
O lead their steps in wisdom's ways.

5 And, when they bid this world adieu,
O take them home to heavenly rest;
Where they, in glory ever new,
Shall shine with thee forever blest.

76 *The Lord's Prayer.*

1 Father! adored in worlds above,
Thy glorious name be hallowed still,
Thy kingdom come with power and love,
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

2 Lord! make our daily wants thy care;
Forgive the sins which we forsake:
And, as we in thy kindness share,
Let fellow-men of ours partake.

3 Evils beset us every hour;
Thy kind protection we implore:
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power;
Be thine the glory evermore!

77 *Universal Worship.*

1 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing
[tongue!

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favored worshipper may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son,
Sat weary, by the Patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer—
The incense of the heart—may rise
To Heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the knee,
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

5 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,
To thee, at last, in every clime
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

78 *The Day of Rest.*

1 This day let grateful praise ascend
To thee, our Father, and our Friend,
Thee, Author of this holy light,
Thee, throned in boundless power and
[might

2 O, let the sacred hours be given
To truth, to duty, and to heaven;
While trusting faith and holy love
Rise fervent to thy throne above.

3 Grant that our earthly Sabbaths be
But dawnings of eternity,
To shadow forth the glorious rest,
The heavenly quiet of the blest.

Lo! what a glo-rious sight ap-pears To our be-liev-ing eyes!

The earth and seas are pass'd a-way, And
The earth and seas are
The earth and seas are pass'd a-way, The earth and seas are

the old roll-ing skies, And the old roll-ing skies.
pass'd a - - - way.
pass'd a - - - way.

2 From the third heaven, where God
resides,

That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he, the loving God.

4 His own soft hand shall wipe the
From every weeping eye; [tears
And pains and groans, and griefs and
And death itself shall die. [fears,

81 *The Blessedness of the Devout.*

1 How lovely are thy dwellings, Lord,
From noise and trouble free;
How beautiful the sweet accord
Of souls that pray to thee.

2 Lord God of hosts, that reign'st on high,
They are the truly blest,
Who only will on thee rely,
In thee alone will rest.

3 They pass refreshed the thirsty vale,
The dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful, watery dale,
Where springs and showers abound.

4 They journey on from strength to
With joy and gladsome cheer, [strength,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.

5 For God, the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright;
No good from him shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.

82 *The Love of the Brethren.*

1 A holy air is breathing round,
A savor from above;
Be every soul from sense unbound,
Be every spirit love.

2 O God, unite us heart to heart,
In sympathy divine,
That we be never drawn apart,
And love nor thee, nor thine.

3 But, by the cross of Jesus taught,
And all thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
And nearer to our Lord.

83 *Social Evening Worship.*

1 O, 'tis a scene the heart to move,
When, at the close of day,
Whom God unites in Christian love
Unite, their thanks to pay.

2 What tho' the number be but small;
Whenever two or three
Join on the Saviour's name to call,
There in the midst is he.

3 When faithful and repentant hearts
His heavenly grace ensue,
His grace, intreated, he imparts
To many or to few.

4 O, come, then, and, with joint accord,
In social worship meet;
And, mindful of the Saviour's word,
The Saviour's boon intreat.

Sing to the Lord, ye dis-tant lands—Ye tribes of ev-'ry tongue; His

new dis-cov-er'd grace demands A new and no- bler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns!
 God's own almighty Son;
 His power the sinking world sustains,
 And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
 Joy through the earth be seen;
 Let cities shine in bright array,
 And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
 The islands of the sea:
 Ye mountains sink! ye vallies rise!
 Prepare the Lord his way!

5 Behold he comes! he comes to bless
 The nations from their God,
 To show the world his righteousness,
 And send his truth abroad.

85 *A Morning Song.*

1 Once more, my soul, the rising day
 Salutes thy waking eyes:
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay,
 To Him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
 The day renews the sound,
 Wide as the heaven on which he sits,
 To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
 My tongue shall speak his praise;
 And sound the honors of his name,
 Who lengthens out my days.

4 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
 Whilst I enjoy the light;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a pleasant night

86 *Acknowledging God's Hand.*
Morning.

- 1 What secret hand, at morning light,
Softly unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky.
- 2 'Tis thine, my God,—the same that
My resting hours from harm; [kept
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath th' Almighty's arm.
- 3 'Tis thine, my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.
- 4 In death's dark valley though I stray,
'T would there my steps attend,
Guide with the staff my lonely way,
And with the rod defend.
- 5 May that sure hand uphold me still
Through life's uncertain race,
To bring me to thy holy hill,
And to thy dwelling-place.

87 *Dedication of Children.*

- 1 Lo, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all engaging charms;
See how he takes the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!
- 2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
It was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of glory came.
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful
And yield them up to thee; [hands,
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

88 *Morning.*

- 1 Lord of my life! O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours!
- 2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.
- 3 While many spend the night in sighs
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I close my eyes
And undisturbed repose.
- 4 When sleep death's semblance o'er
And I unconscious lay, [me spread,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.
- 5 O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

89 *Evening Contemplation.*

- 1 See, the bright monarch of the day
In ocean dips his beams;
While from his brow a parting ray
In milder glory streams.
- 2 The moon, pale empress of the night,
In sweet succession reigns,
And finely paints, with silver light,
The mountains, vales, and plains.
- 3 The starry arch in grandeur glows,
Through all its ample round:
Great God, thy power no limit knows.
Thy wisdom knows no bound.

1. Come, ho-ly Spir-it, heavenly dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;

Kin-

Kin - dle a flame of sacred love, Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love.

dle a flame of sa . . . cred love,

In these cold hearts of ours, Kindle a flame of sacred love, In these cold hearts, &c.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To each eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise,
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

91 *Evening Hymn.*

1 Indulgent God, whose bounteous care
O'er all thy works is shown,
O let my grateful praise and prayer
Ascend before thy throne!

2 What mercies has this day bestowed!
How largely hast thou blest!
My cup with plenty overflowed,
With cheerfulness my breast.

3 Now may sweet slumbers close my
From pain and sickness free: [eyes,
And let my waking thoughts arise
To meditate on thee.

4 So bless each future day and night,
Till life's fond scene is o'er;
At length, to realms of endless light
Enraptured let me soar.

92 *Early Religion.*

1 A youth devoted to the Lord
Is pleasing in his eyes;
A flower when offered in the bud
Is no vain sacrifice.

2 It saves us from a thousand fears,
To mind religion young;
With joy it crowns succeeding years,
And renders virtue strong.

3 To thee, almighty God, to thee
Our hearts we now resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

4 We'll do thy work, we'll speak thy
While we have life and breath; [praise,
Thus we're prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

93 *Gratitude to God.*

1 O how shall words with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows in my enraptured heart!
But thou canst read it there.

2 Thy bounteous hand with worldly
Hath made my cup run o'er, [bliss
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Hath doubled all my store.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
Which tastes those gifts with joy.

4 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in sins and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

5 Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in unknown worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise—
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

94 *The Family Altar.*

1 Great God! where'er we pitch our
Let us an altar raise, [tent,
And there, with humble frame, present
Our sacrifice of praise.

2 To thee we give our health and strength
While health and strength shall last,
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

CORONATION. C. M.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall ;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem And own him Lord of all.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And own him Lord of all.

2 Ye wandering seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Praise him who saves you by his grace,
And own him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And own him Lord of all.

4 Babes, men, and sires, who know his
Who feel your sin and thrall, [love,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And own him Lord of all.

5 And when with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet shall fall,
We'll chant the everlasting song,
And own him Lord of all.

96 *Christ the Resting Place.*

1 Jesus! delightful, charming name!
It spreads a fragrance round;
Justice and mercy, truth and peace,
In union here are found.

2 He is our life, our joy, our strength,
In him all glories meet;
He is a shade above our heads,
A light to guide our feet.

3 When storms arise and tempests
He speaks the stilling word; [blow,
The threatening billows cease to flow,
The winds obey their Lord.

4 The thickest clouds are soon dispersed,
If Jesus shows his face;
To weary, heavy-laden souls
He is the resting-place.

97 *Restoration of Israel.*

1 Daughter of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust:
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake; put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north!"

4 They come, they come; thine exiled
Where'er they rest or roam, [bands,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

98 *Christ our Guide.*

1 Bright was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.

3 O haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

4 O gladly tread the narrow path
While light and grace are given;
We'll meekly follow Christ on earth,
And reign with him in heaven.

99 *The Blessings of the Gospel.*

1 Blest are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor dares the world condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

ZERAH. C. M.

Allegro Vigoroso.*p*

To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n

f

Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heav'n,

ff

Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heaven.

Unison.

2 His name shall be the Prince of
Forevermore adored, [Peace,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall
His reign no end shall know; [spread;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given—
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

101 *Exulting in God's Praise.*

1 My soul shall bless thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days,
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And doubles all my joy.

3 When gloomy care, or keen distress,
Invades my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy
And soothe my pains to rest. [praise,

4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim,
The honors of my God;
My life, with all my active powers,
Shall spread his praise abroad.

5 When death is past, in purer strains
My grateful praise I'll pay;
The theme demands a nobler song,
And an eternal day.

102 *The Fountain of Living Waters.*

1 O what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.

2 Come, then, with all your wants and
Your every burden bring; [wounds;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

3 This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

103 *Thy Neighbor.*

1 Who is thy neighbor? he whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

2 Thy neighbor? 'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
O enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.

3 Thy neighbor? he who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.

4 Thy neighbor? 'tis the weary slave,
Fettered in mind and limb;
He hath no hope this side the grave:
Go thou, and ransom him.

5 Thy neighbor? pass no mourner by,
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood,

Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins! And sin - ners plunged be-

neath that flood, Lose all their guil - ty stains.

2 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious
Shall never lose its power, [blood
'Till all the ransomed of the Lord
Be saved, to sin no more.

3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
tongue
Lies silent in the grave!

105 *Infinity of God.*

1 Great God, how infinite art thou!
How weak and frail are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And homage pay to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere earth or heaven was made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

1 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God, there's nothing new.

106 *Sickness and Recovery.*

- 1 My God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise?
- 2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain;
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.
- 3 I calmly bowed my fainting head
On thy dear faithful breast,
And waited for my father's call
To his eternal rest.

- 4 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come;
Nor will I ask a speedier flight
To my celestial home.
- 5 Where thou appointed mine abode
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with Thee.

107 *The Pure Heart.*

- 1 Whatever dims thy sense of truth,
Or stains thy purity,
Though light as breath of summer air,
Count it as sin to thee.
- 2 Preserve the tablet of thy thoughts
From every blemish free,
While the Redeemer's lowly faith
Its temple makes with thee.
- 3 And pray of God, that grace be given
To tread time's narrow way:—
How dark soever it may be,
It leads to cloudless day.

108 *God our Portion.*

- 1 God, my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near!
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my
Through this dark wilderness; [feet,
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence, die;
Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry.
- 4 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works
And tell the world my joy, [abroad,

109 *Morning or Evening Hymn.*

- 1 On thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend,
In whom are founded all my hopes,
In whom my wishes end.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And fired, with grateful zeal, prepares
Her sacrifice of praise.
- 3 When evening slumbers press my
With thy protection blest, [eyes,
In peace and safety, I commit
My weary limbs to rest.
- 4 My spirit, in thy hands secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou Lord, art with me still.

1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the

ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone around, And

The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - ry shone around, And

glo - ry shone a-round, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And

glo - - - ry shone a - round, The an - gel of the

glo - - - ry shone a-round, And glo - ry shone a - round.

Lord came down, And glo - - - ry shone a - - - out.

2 "Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind."

3 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

4 "All glory be to God on high!
And to the earth be peace:
God will, henceforth, from heaven to
Begin and never cease." [men,

111 *Angel's Song*

1 Shepherds rejoice; lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away;
News from the region of the skies—
The Saviour's born to-day!

2 No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal, shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings!

3 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heavenly armies throng:
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:—

4 Glory to God who reigns above;
Let peace abound on earth;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth.

[4]

112 *Redeemer's Praise.*

1 O, for a thousand tongues, to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my Lord and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,—
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace,

3 He speaks, and listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

4 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

113 *Lord's Day Morning.*

1 Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that, which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand grateful lips still join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

The Saviour calls! let eve - ry ear At - tend the

heavenly sound! Ye doubting souls dis-miss your fear,

Soft. Hope smiles re - viv - ing round, *Loud.* Hope smiles re-viv - ing round.

2 For every thirsting, longing heart,
The streams of mercy flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart
A balm for every woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain;
And he who here in faith applies,
Will not apply in vain.

4 The fountain flows, and ever flows!
O hearken to the voice,
That bids you here relieve your woes,
And in the Lord rejoice.

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
For thou alone canst draw:
Display the joy thy grace imparts,
The spirit of thy law.

115 *Salvation.*

- 1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 How rich thy favours, God of grace!
How various, how divine!
Full as the ocean they are poured,
And bright as heaven they shine.
- 4 God to eternal glory calls,
And points the blissful way
To realms of perfect peace and joy,
Where reigns unclouded day.

116 " *The unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.*"

- 1 The glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.
- 2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
To form one world agree,
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.
- 3 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.
- 4 Here in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

117 *Prayer for Strong Faith.*

- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and
When tempests rage without; [clear,
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed
Of an eternal home. [bliss

118 *The Power of Faith.*

- 1 Faith adds new charms to earthly
And saves us from its snares; [bliss,
Its aid for every duty brings,
And softens all our cares.
- 2 The wounded conscience knows its
The healing balm to give; [power
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 3 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign,
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.
- 4 On that bright prospect may we rest,
Till this frail body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

1. Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls, That feed up-on the wind,

And vain - ly strive with earthly toys, To fill an emp - ty mind.

2 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

3 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

4 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;—
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

120 *Comfort from the Bible.*

1 Lord, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever-fresh delight.

3 'Tis the broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden gl'ry lies.

121 *The Crown of Glory.*

- 1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on,
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 My soul, with all thy wakened powers,
Survey the heavenly prize ;
Nor let the glitt'ring toys of earth
Allure thy wandering eyes.

122 *Living Faith.*

- 1 Mistaken souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead ;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.
- 3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart ;
'Tis faith that works by love ;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 This faith shall every fear control,
By its celestial power ;
With holy triumph fill the soul,
In death's approaching hour.

123 *God our Hope and Joy.*

- 1 Eternal Source of joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires,
O could I say, the Lord is mine!
'Tis all my soul desires.
- 2 Thy smile can give me real joy,
Unmingled and refined ;
Substantial bliss without alloy,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Thy smile can gild the shades of woe,
Bid stormy troubles cease,
And spread the dawn of heaven below,
And sweeten pain to peace.
- 4 My Hope, my Trust, my Life, my
Assure me of thy love ; [Lord,
O speak the kind, transporting word,
And bid my fears remove :
- 5 Then shall my thankful powers re-
And triumph in my God, [jice,
Till heavenly rapture tune my voice,
To sound thy praise abroad.

124 *Victorious Grace.*

- 1 Join every heart and every tongue,
And sing Jehovah's praise ;
Come, shout the wonders of his love,
The vict'ries of his grace !
- 1 Far as the circuit of the sun
He makes his mercy known ;
To every soul through every land
He sends his blessings down.
- 3 So let his highest praise be sung,
By all through every clime,
While moon and stars reflect their
Or suns propitious shine. [light,

1. Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes, The Saviour promised long;

Tenor.

Let eve - ry heart pre - pare a throne, And eve - ry voice a song,

Treble.

And eve - ry voice a song, And eve - ry voice a song.

- 2 On him the spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love
His holy breast inspire,
- 3 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye, oppressed with night,
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace,
To bless the humble poor.

126 *Christ's Death and Exaltation.*

- 1 Ye humble souls, who seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away,
And bow with transport down to see
The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 His life for us he freely gave,—
Such wonders love can do:
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you.
- 3 A moment give your hearts to grief,
And mourn your Saviour slain;
Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again!

127 *Imitation of Christ.*

- 1 In duties and in conflicts too,
Thy path, O Lord, I trace :
As thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.
- 2 Inspired with love, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will ;
O may thy love my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfill,
- 3 Devotion, meekness, zeal and love,
Through all thy conduct shine ;
O may my whole deportment prove,
An image, Lord, of thine.

128 *Cheerful Obedience.*

- 1 Thou art my Portion, O my God ;
Soon as I know thy way,
My willing heart obeys thy word,
And suffers no delay.
- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice ;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes ;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.
- 4 Now I am thine, forever thine ;
O save thy servant, Lord :
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-
My hope is in thy word. [place ;
- 5 'Thou hast inclined this heart of mine,
Thy statutes to fulfill ;
And thus, till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform thy will.

129 *God our Helper.*

- 1 The Lord appears my Helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
Of what the sons of earth can do,
Since Heaven affords me aid.
- 2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my Friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.
- 3 Like bees my foes beset me round,
A large and angry swarm ;
But I shall all their rage confound,
By thine almighty arm.
- 4 'Tis through the Lord my heart is
In him my lips rejoice : [strong,
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice !

130 *Sabbath Morn.*

- 1 Hail, happy morn ! whose early ray
Beheld the Saviour rise ;
Welcome again, auspicious day !
To our rejoicing eyes.
- 2 On this blest morn, birth-day of hope !
Let not one soul be sad ;
This is the day the Lord hath made,
And bids his saints be glad.
- 3 Come, and the wonders of the day,
In notes harmonious sing ;
Tell to the world the conquests gain'd
By your victorious King.
- 4 O happy souls, that feel the power
Of his attractive love !
With him they die, with him they live,
And seek the things above.

1 Behold the glo - ries of the Lamb, Amidst his Father's throne,

Prepare new hon - ors for his name, And songs be - fore unknown.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the blest promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord
To sinful dying men;
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved as in eternal brass
The gracious promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.

5 His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

132 *Sabbath Morning.*

1 Come, let us join our souls to God
In everlasting bands,
And seize the blessings he bestows
With eager hearts and hands.

2 Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there,
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And offer fervent prayer.

3 Come, let us share, without delay,
The blessings of his grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Their memory efface.

4 O, may our children ever haste
To seek their fathers' God,
Nor e'er forsake the happy path,
Their fathers' feet have trod.

133 *Divine Perfection Celebrated.*

1 The glories, Lord, thy works proclaim,
Our pious wonder raise ;
Thy word still more reveals thy name,
And more exalts thy praise.

2 Thy mercies far beyond the rounds
Of earth and heaven extend :
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.

3 Thy righteousness maintains its
throne,
Though mountains sink to dust ;
Thy judgments are a deep unknown,
Yet always wise and just.

4 Unbounded is thy goodness, Lord !
How bright its wonders shine !
Of present, past, and future good,
The glory all be thine.

134 *Manifold Blessings.*

1 Jehovah lives ; and be his name
By every heart adored !
From age to age he is the same,
The only God and Lord !

2 He is our Rock when troubles rise
And storms and tempests lower ;
He rides triumphant in the skies,
And saves us by his power.

3 Salvation to the Lord belongs ;
We give Jehovah praise ;
Lift up our hearts, and holy songs
To our Redeemer raise.

4 Great is the mercy we have found,
And great shall be our praise :
We'll spread his power and mercy
And songs of honor raise. [round,]

135 *Divine Guardianship.*

1 Great God, to thee my grateful tongue
My fervent thanks shall raise :
Inspire my heart to raise the song
Which celebrates thy praise.

2 From thy almighty forming hand
I drew my vital powers ;
My time revolves at thy command
In all its circling hours.

4 Thy power, my ever-present guard,
From every ill defends ;
While numerous dangers hover round,
My help from thee descends.

4 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
How sweet is my repose !
Thy morning light renews the springs
From which my comfort flows.

5 In celebration of thy praise
I will employ my breath,
And, walking steadfast in thy ways,
Will triumph over death.

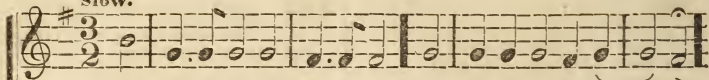
136 *The Perfect Law of Liberty.*

1 Behold that wise, that perfect law,
Which noblest freedom gives :
O may it all our souls refine,
And sanctify our lives !

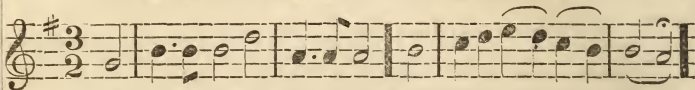
2 Not with a transient glance survey'd,
And in an hour forgot,
But deep inscribed on every heart,
To reign o'er every thought.

3 Great Author of each perfect gift !
Thy gracious power display,
That our ungrateful wand'ring hearts
May hearken and obey.

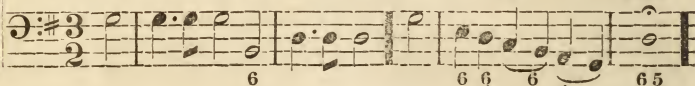
Slow.



1. I love to steal awhile away, From every cumber - ing care,



2. I love to think on mercies past, And future good im - plore:



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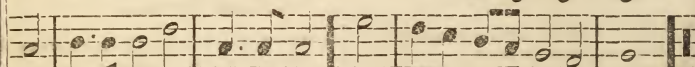
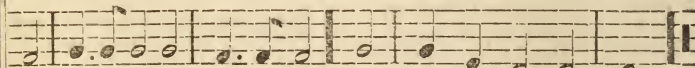
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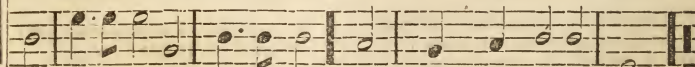
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And spend the hours of setting day, In humble grato-ful prayer.



And all my cares and sorrows cast, On him whom I a - dore.



6

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138 *Daily and Nightly Devotion.*

- 1 Before the rosy dawn of day,
To thee, my God, I'll sing;
Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre,
Awake, each charming string.
- 2 Awake, and let thy flowing strains
Glide through the midnight air,
While high amidst the silent orbs
The silver moon rolls clear :
- 3 While all the glitt'ring, starry lamps,
Are lighted in the sky ;
And set their Maker's greatness forth
To thy admiring eye.
- 4 Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre,
Awake, each charming string ;
Before the rosy dawn of day,
To thee, my God, I'll sing.
- 5 Thou round the heav'nly arch dost
A vast and sable veil, [draw,
Which all the beauties of the world
From mortal eyes conceal.
- 6 Again the sky with golden beams
Thy skillful hands adorn,
And paint, with cheerful splendour gay,
The fair ascending morn.
- 7 And, as the gloomy night returns,
Or smiling day renews,
Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefit pursues.
- 8 For this, I'll midnight vows to thee
With early incense bring :
And, ere the rosy dawn of day,
Thy lofty praises sing.

139 *Blessings of Providence and Redemption.*

- 1 Thy goodness, Lord, our souls con-
Thy goodness we adore : [fess,
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.
- 2 Sun, moon and stars, thy love attest,
In every golden ray,
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love returns the day.
- 3 Thy bounty ev'ry season crowns
With all the bliss it yields ;
With joyful clusters loads the vine,
With strength'ning grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassions, Lord !
Are in the gospel seen ;
There, like the sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.
-
- 140** *The Soul's Beauty Unfading.*
- 1 Sweet day ! so cool, so calm, so
Bridal of earth and sky, [bright,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas ! must die.
- 2 Sweet rose ! in air whose odors wave,
And color charms the eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou, alas ! must die.
- 3 Sweet spring ! of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie,
Thy days depart, thy roses fade ;
Thou, too, alas ! must die.
- 4 Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly ;
While flowers decay and seasons roll,
This lives, and cannot die.

1. Oh! happy is the man who hears Instruction's warn - ing voice;
 2. Her treasures are of more es - teem Than east or west un - fold;

3. She guides the young with innocence In pleasure's path to tread;

4. Ac - cord - ing as her labors rise, So her re - wards increase;

7 6
4

And who ce - les - tial wisdom makes, His ear - ly, on - ly choice,
 And her re - wards more precious are Than all their mines of gold.

A crown of glo - ry she be - stows Up - on the ho - ary head.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, And all her paths are peace.

7 7

142 *Sufficiency of the Scriptures.*

1 Great God, with wonder and with
On all thy works I look, [praise,
But still thy wisdom, power and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

3 Lord, make me understand thy law;
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
The pardon of my sin.

143 *Transforming Grace.*

1 My God, the visits of thy face
Afford superior joy
To all the flatt'ring world can give,
Or mortal hopes employ.

2 But clouds and darkness intervene;
My brightest joys decline;
And earth's gay trifles oft ensnare
This wandering heart of mine.

3 Lord, guide my roving heart to thee;
Unsatisfied I stray:
Break through the shades of sense and
With thy enlivening ray. [sin

4 Lord, raise my faith, my hope, my
To those transporting joys; [heart,
Then shall I scorn each little snare
Which this vain world employs.

5 O let thy beams resplendent shine,
And every cloud remove;
Transform my powers, and fit my soul
For happier scenes above.

144 *Merciful Designs in Apparent Evils.*

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

145 *Hope.*

1 Borne o'er the ocean's stormy wave,
The beacon's light appears,
When yawns the seaman's watery
And his lone bosom cheers. [grave,

2 Then, should the raging ocean foam,
His heart shall dauntless prove,
To reach, secure, his cheerful home,
The haven of his love.

3 So when the soul is wrapt in gloom,
To worldly grief a prey,
Thy beams, blest hope, beyond the
Illumine the pilgrim's way. [tomb,

4 They point to that serene abode
Where holy faith shall rest,
Protected by the sufferer's God,
And be forever blest.

1. Why do we mourn de-part-ing friends, Or shake at death's a - larms ?

'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move ?
Nor would we wish the hours more
To keep us from our Love. [slow,

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And showed our feet the way ;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.

147 *Human Frailty and divine Support.*

1 Let others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear ;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay, —
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone ;
Strange, that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long!

148 *God the Refuge of the Afflicted.*

1 Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er our heads the billows roll,
We know the Lord can save.

1 When darkness and when sorrows
And pressed on every side, [rose,
The Lord hath still sustained our steps,
And still hath been our Guide.

3 Perhaps, before the morning dawn,
He will restore our peace;
For he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

4 Here will we rest, here build our
Nor murmur at his rod; [hopes,
He's more to us than all the world,
Our Health, our Life, our God.

149 *Hope of Re-union Above.*

1 When floating on life's troubled sea,
By storms and tempests driven,
Hope, with her radiant finger, points
To brighter scenes in heaven.

2 She bids the storms of life to cease,
The troubled breast be calm;
And in the wounded heart she pours
Religion's healing balm.

3 Her hallowed influence cheers life's
Of sadness and of gloom; [hours
She guides us through this vale of tears,
To joys beyond the tomb.

4 She bids the anguished heart rejoice:
Though earthly ties are riven,
We still may hope to meet again!
In yonder peaceful heaven.

150 *Agony in the Garden.*

1 Dark was the night and cold the
On which the Lord was laid; [ground
His sweat like drops of blood ran down;
In agony he prayed,—

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfill,"

3 Go to the garden, sinner; see
Those precious drops that flow;
The heavy load he bore for thee;
For thee he lies so low.

4 Then learn of him the cross to bear;
Thy Father's will obey;
And, when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

151 *Comforts of Religion.*

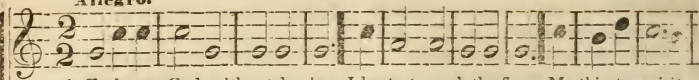
1 When gloomy thoughts and boding
The trembling heart invade, [fears
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade,—

2 Religion's dictates can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And every fear shall cease to rage,
At her divine control.

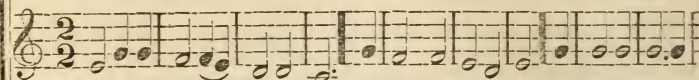
3 When feeble reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid,
This blest supporter of the mind
Affords a powerful aid.

4 O may our hearts confess her power,
And find a sweet relief,
To brighten every gloomy hour,
And soften every grief!

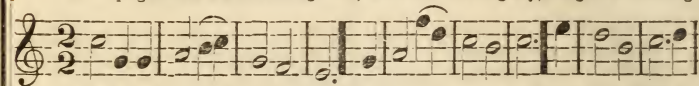
LANESBOROUGH. C. M.

Allegro.

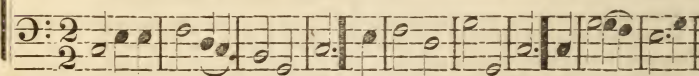
1. Early, my God, without de-lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spirit



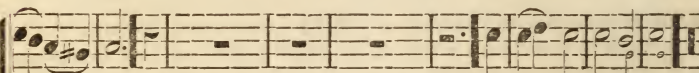
2. So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cooling



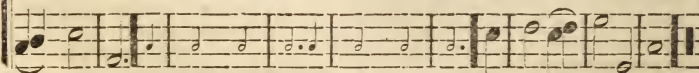
3. Not life itself, with all its joys, Can my best passions move, Or raise so high my



faints a-way, My thirs-ty spir-it faints a-way, Without thy cheering grace.

stream at hand, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink, or die.
small notes.

cheer-ful voice, Or raise so high my cheer-ful voice, As thy for-giv-ing love.

*When the small notes are sung at the end of the second verse, let the time be Retarded.*

153 *The Hope, the Star, the Voice.*

1 There is a hope, a blessed hope,
More precious and more bright
Than all the joyless mockery
The world esteems delight.

2 There is a star, a lovely star,
That lights the darkest gloom,
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
The prospects of the tomb.

3 There is a voice, a cheering voice,
That lifts the soul above,
Dispels the painful anxious doubt,
And whispers, "God is love."

4 That voice aloud from Calv'ry's
Proclaims the soul forgiven; [height,
That star is revelation's light;
That hope, the hope of heaven.

154 *The Excellence of Scripture.*

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

155 *Universal Goodness of God.*

1 Lord! thou art good: all nature
shows
Its mighty Author kind:
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfined.

2 The whole, and every part, proclaims
Thine infinite good-will;
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
And blooms on every hill.

3 We view it o'er the spreading main,
And heavens which spread more
wide;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.

4 Through the vast whole it pours
supplies,
Spreads joy through every part:
O, may such love attract my eyes,
And captivate my heart!

5 My highest admiration raise,
My best affections move!
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
And fill my heart with love!

AIR. 1. Thro' all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy,

The

The praises of my God shall still, The praises of my God shall still,

praises of my God shall still, The praises of my God shall still,

My heart and tongue employ, My heart and tongue employ.

- 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name!
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.
- 4 Their drooping hearts were soon refresh'd
Who look'd to God for aid;
Desir'd success, in every face,
A cheerful air supply'd.

157 *Evening Hymn.*

- 1 Indulgent God, whose bounteous care
O'er all thy works is shown,
O let my grateful praise and prayer
Ascend before thy throne !
- 2 What mercies has this day bestowed !
How largely hast thou blest !
My cup with plenty overflowed,
With cheerfulness my breast.
- 3 Now may sweet slumbers close my
From pain and sickness free; [eyes,
And let my waking thoughts arise
To meditate on thee.
- 4 So bless each future day and night,
Till life's fond scene is o'er ;
At length, to realms of endless light
Enraptured let me soar.

158 *Glory of the Sacred Pages.*

- 1 What glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun !
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 His hand that gave it still supplies
His gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise ;
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love ;
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

159 *Blessings of God in Nature.*

- 1 Hail, great Creator, wise and good !
To thee our songs we raise :
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view,
And, while we gaze, our hearts exult,
With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night,
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.
- 4 The lofty hill, the humble vale,
With countless beauties shine ;
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.
- 5 Great nature's God, still may these
Our serious hours engage ; [scenes
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page.
- 160** “ *They shall Walk and not Faint.* ”
- 1 Mere human powers shall fast decay,
And youthful vigor cease ;
But they who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.
- 2 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine,
With growing ardor onward move,
With growing brightness shine.
- 3 On eagles' wings they mount, they
Their wings are faith and love ; [soar ;
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

1. Hail! sweetest, dearest tie that binds Our glowing hearts in one,

Hail sacred hope that tunes our minds To har-mo - ny di - vine.

It is the hope, the blissful hope, Which Je-sus' grace has given;

The hope, when days and years are pass'd, We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What tho' the Northern wintry blast
 Shall howl around thy cot,
 What though beneath an Eastern sun
 Be cast our distant lot ;
 Yet still we share the blissful hope
 Which Jesus' grace has given,
 The hope, when days and years are
 We all shall meet in heaven. [pass'd,

3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's
 From India's burning plain, [strand,
 From Europe, from Columbia's land,
 We hope to meet again.
 It is the hope, the blissful hope,
 Which Jesus' grace has given ;
 The hope, when days and years are
 pass'd,
 We all shall meet in heaven.

4 No lingering hope, no parting sigh,
 Our future meeting knows ;
 There friendship beams from every eye,
 And hope immortal grows.
 O sacred hope ! O blissful hope,
 Which Jesus' grace has given ;
 The hope, when days and years are
 We all shall meet in heaven. [pass'd,

162 *The Family Altar.*

1 Great God ! where'er we pitch our
 Let us an altar raise, [tent,
 And there, with humble frame, present
 Our sacrifice of praise.

2 To thee we give our health and
 strength,
 While health and strength shall last,
 For future mercies humbly trust,
 Nor e'er forget the past.

163 *During or after a Storm.*

1 Amid surrounding gloom and waste,
 From nature's face we flee ;
 And in our fear and wonder haste,
 O nature's Life, to thee !
 Thy ways are in the mighty deep ;
 In tempests as they blow :
 In floods that o'er our treasures sweep ;
 The lightning, and the snow.

2 Though earth upon its axis reels,
 And heaven is veiled in wrath ;
 Not one of nature's million wheels
 Breaks its appointed path ;
 Fixed in thy grasp, the sources meet
 Of beauty and of awe ;
 In storm or calm, all pulses beat
 True to the central law.

3 Thou art that law, whose will thus
 done
 In seeming wreck and blight,
 Sends the calm planets round the sun,
 And pours the moon's soft light.
 We trust thy love ; thou best dost know
 The universal peace ;
 How long the stormy force should blow,
 And when the flood should cease.

4 And though around our path some
 Of myst'ry ever lies, [form
 And life is like the calm and storm
 That checker earth and skies,
 Through all its mingling joy and dread,
 Permit us, Holy One,
 By faith to see the golden thread
 Of thy great purpose run.

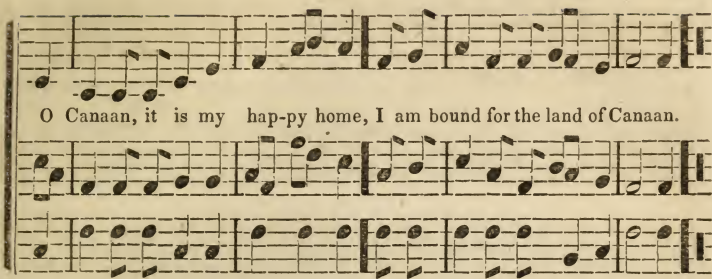
THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;

In - fi-nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

CHORUS.

O Canaan, bright Canaan, I am bound for the land of Canaan;



- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So ~~so~~ the Jews old Canaan stood,
And Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes !
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses
stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore. [flood,
O Canaan, &c.

165 *The Society of Heaven.*

- 1 Jerusalem ! my glorious home !
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace and thee ?
O Canaan, &c.
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven
built walls,
And pearly gates behold ?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's
Nor sin nor sorrow know : [bloom,
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy
I onward press to you. [scenes
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and
Or feel at death dismay ? [woe ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Jerusalem ! my glorious home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my sorrows have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

MAJESTY. C. M.

1. The Lord . . . de - scend - ed from a - bove, And

bowed the heavens most high; And un - der - neath his

feet he cast The dark - - - - ness of . . the

sky. On cherub and on che-rubim, Full roy - al - ly he

rode, And on the wings of mighty winds, Came flying all a - broad, And

on the wings of migh-ty winds, Came fly - ing all a - broad.

167 *Majesty of God.*

1 The Lord our God is full of might;
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.
Rebel, ye waves ! and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar :
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

2 Howl, winds of night ! your force
Without his high behest, [combine,
Ye shall not in the mountain-pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
Ye nations ! bend, in rev'rence bend;
Ye monarchs ! wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

168 *The Same.*

1 With reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his word.
How terrible thy glories be !
How bright thine armies shine !
Where is the pow'r that vies with thee ?
Or truth, compared with thine !

2 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep ;
Thou makest the sleeping billows roll—
The rolling billows sleep.
Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace,
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near thy face.

While thee I seek, pro - tect-ing pow'r, Be my vain wishes still'd ;

And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.

Thy love the pow'r of tho't bestowed, To thee my tho'ts would soar,

Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flowed, That mer - cy I a-dore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored
Thy love my thoughts shall fill; [hour,
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart will rest on thee.

170 *Absence from God.*

1 O thou, whose tender mercy hears
Conitron's humble sigh ;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye !

2 See ! low before the throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn ;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said, return ?

3 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine ;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine !

4 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy :
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy !

171 *Divine Protection, Resignation, and Gratitude.*

1 When I survey life's varied scene ;
Amidst the darkest hours
Bright rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mix'd with flowers.

2 This thought can all my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly ;
No harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye.

3 What'e're thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear !
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

4 If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart ;
Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart ?

5 Is blooming health my happy share ?
O may I bless my God !
Thy goodness let my song declare,
And spread thy praise abroad.

6 While such delightful gifts as these
Are kindly dealt to me,
Be all my hours of health and ease
Devoted, Lord, to thee.

7 If cares and sorrows me surround,
Their power why should I fear ?
My inward peace they cannot wound,
If thou, my God, art near.

8 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight !
Yet let my soul, adoring, own
That all thy ways are right.

Hap - py the man whose gra - ces reign,

And love inspires the breast; Love is the bright - est

of the train, And per - fects all the rest.

173 *Marriage Hymn.*

- 1 Not for the summer's hour alone,
When skies resplendent shine,
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
Our hearts and hands we join;
- 2 But for those stern and wintry days
Of sorrow, pain and fear,
When Heaven's wise discipline doth
Our earthly journey drear :— [make
- 4 Not for this span of life alone,
Which like a blast doth fly,
And as the transient flowers of grass
Just blossom, droop and die;—
- 4 But for a being without end
This vow of love we take ;
Grant us, O God, one home at last,
For thy great mercy's sake.

174 *Homage and Devotion.*

- 1 With sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.
- 2 Before the awful throne we bow,
Of heaven's almighty King :
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.
- 4 Thee we adore, and, Lord, to thee
Our filial duty pay ;
Thy service, unconstrain'd and free,
Conducts to endless day.
- 4 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing ;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

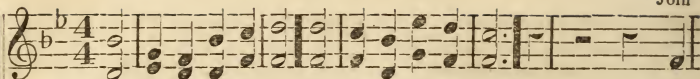
175 *Influence of Grace.*

- 1 My God, what silken cords are thine!
How soft, and yet how strong !
Whilst power, and truth, and grace,
To draw our souls along. [combine
- 2 When crushed beneath the heavy
Of folly and of sin, [yoke
Thy hand our iron bondage broke,
Our grateful hearts to win.
- 3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
Thy mercy takes away :
Thy promise, when the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.
- 4 Comfort, through all this vale of
In rich profusion flows; [tears,
The glory of unnumbered years
Eternity bestows.
- 5 Drawn by such cords, we onward
move.
Till round thy throne we meet,
And, captives in the chains of love,
Fall at our Conqueror's feet.

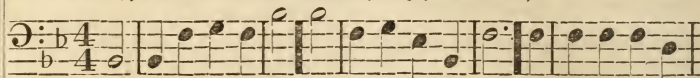
176 “ *We love Him because he
first loved us.* ”

- 1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie ;
If tender thoughts within us burn
‘To feel that friends are nigh ;
- 2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him, who died our fears to quell,
And save from death and woe ?
- 3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed;
“ Meet, and remember me, ”

Join

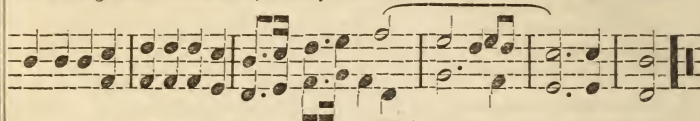


1. Come, ye who love the Lord, And let your joys be known;

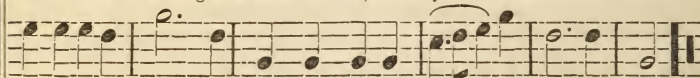


Join in a song with

in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround - - - - - the throne.



Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye sur - round the throne.



sweet accord, While ye surround the throne, While ye surround the throne.

- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
And heavenly fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope will grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high. [ground]

178 *The Living Sacrifice.*

- 1 And will the eternal King,
So mean a gift reward?
That off'ring, Lord! with joy we bring,
Which thy own hand prepar'd.
- 2 We own thy various claim,
And to thine altar move,
The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.
- 3 Descend, celestial fire!
The sacrifice inflame!
So shall a grateful odour rise
Through our Redeemer's name.

179 *Early Instruction.*

- 1 Let children learn the deeds
Which God performed of old ;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He makes his glories known,
His works of power and grace ;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.
- 3 We'll tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn in God
Their hope securely stands,
That they may still record his works,
And practise his commands.

180 *Perfection of God's Word.*

- 1 Behold, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light :
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just !
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given !
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

181 *Living by Faith.*

- 1 By faith may Jesus dwell
In our believing hearts ;
While he that love which none can tell,
In streams of grace, imparts.
- 2 Then may we comprehend,
With all the saints in light,
And see his boundless grace extend,
And know its depth and height.
- 3 Then, filled with every grace,
From strength to strength we'll go,
While Jesus shows his smiling face,
In every scene of woe.
- 4 Soon we shall victors be,
And crowns of glory wear :
In endless peace our Captain see,
And dwell forever there.

182 *Praise to the Creator.*

- 1 Almighty Maker, God,
How wondrous is thy name !
Thy glories how diffused abroad
Through all creation's frame !
- 2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays ;
In thousand forms her ways express
Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too :
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the homage due.
- 4 In joy, O let me spend
The remnant of my days ;
And oft to God my soul ascend
In grateful songs of praise !

1. Come, sound his praise a-broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je -

ho-vah is the Sovereign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own;
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne:
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own:
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

184*Heaven.*

1 Far from these scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 There sickness never comes;
There grief no more complains,
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.

3 No strife nor envy there
The sons of peace molest;
But harmony and love sincere,
Fill every happy breast.

185 *Praise to God from all Nations.*

1 Thy name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honors spread;
Long may thy praise endure,
Till morning light and ev'ning shade
Shall be exchange'd no more.

186 *Birth of Christ.*

- 1 The Prince of peace is come !
Ye nations, shout and sing;
Let men and angels join their songs,
To hail this glorious King.
- 2 Light of the world, he comes !
The blind receive their sight ;
The mind now feels his glad'ning ray,
And all within is light.
- 3 Evangelist divine !
He makes the gospel known :
The poor the joyful tidings hear,
And their great Prophet own.
- 4 Whilst, gracious God, I hear
Thy gospel's joyful sound,
May my glad heart, my tongue, my life,
Be all obedience found.

187 *Communion with God and Christ.*

- 1 Our heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near ;
With both my friendship shall be sweet,
And my communion dear.
- 2 God pities all my griefs ;
He pardons every day ;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.
- 3 Jesus, my living Head,
I bless thy faithful care ;
My Advocate before the throne,
And my Forerunner there.

[6]

188 *The Works of God invite our Praise.*

- 1 When we survey this world,
With all its beauteous frame,
Its great Creator we adore,
And celebrate his name.
- 2 The sun in every beam
Proclaims the God above ;
Its ardent rays exhibit him,
Who rules the world in love.
- 3 The lofty stars by night,
The moon with paler glow,
In every twinkling ray of light,
Their Maker's honor show.
- 4 The universal whole
Proclaims Jehovah's praise ;
And O, that every living soul
Would songs of honor raise !
- 5 The worlds were made in love,
By wisdom all divine ; [move,
And while in praise our tongues can
That praise, O Lord, be thine !

189 *Scripture a Guide.*

- 1 How choice the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

1. Love is the strong-est tie That can our hearts u - - nite ;

Love makes our ser - vice lib - er - ty, Our ev' - ry bur - den light.

2 We run in God's commands,
When love directs the way;
With willing hearts and active hands,
Our Maker's will obey.

3 Love softens all our toil,
And makes our bondage blest;
The gloomy desert wears a smile
When love inspires the breast.

4 Let love forever grow,
And banish wrath and strife;
So shall we witness here below
The joys of social life.

5 When we ascend the skies,
And see the Saviour's face,
Love will to full perfection rise,
And reign thro' all the place.

191 *Confidence in God.*

1 Behold ! the mighty God,
In whom I live and move,
Is my Salvation, and my Lord,
My life, my joy, my love.

2 In him secure I'll trust,
Who earth's foundations laid ;
Nor e'er withdraw my confidence,
Nor will I be afraid.

3 The Lord Most High's my strength :
In him my soul is strong :
I'll sing as with an angel's voice ;
Jehovah is my song.

4 To draw my soul from him,
In vain temptations roll ;
Since He, in mercy, has become
Salvation to my soul.

192 *Our Offspring the care of God.*

1 Lord what our ears have heard
Our eyes delighted trace ;
Thy love in long succession shown
To Zion's chosen race.

2 Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine :
Ten thousand blessings to thy name,
For goodness so divine.

3 Thee let the fathers own,
And thee the sons adore ;
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

4 How great thy mercies, Lord !
How plenteous is thy grace,
Which, in the promise of thy love
Includes our rising race !

193 *Saturday Evening.*

1 The hours of evening close ;
Its lengthened shadows, drawn
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
And wait the Sabbath dawn.

2 So let its calm prevail
O'er forms of outward care ;
Nor thought for " many things " assail
The still retreat of prayer.

3 Our guardian Shepherd near
His watchful eye will keep ;
And, safe from violence and fear,
Will fold his flock to sleep.

4 So may a holier light
Than earth's our spirits rouse,
And call us, strengthened by his might,
To pay the Lord our vows.

194 *God's tender Care of his People.*

1 The Lord my shepherd is ;
I shall be well supplied ;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside ?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim ;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 Whilst he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear ;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark
My God is with me there. [shade,

5 In sight of all my foes,
He does my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of his love
Shall crown my future days ;
Nor from his house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak his praise.

195 *Doxology.*

1 To heaven's eternal King,
Who rules supreme alone,
Let all on earth their praises bring,
And worship round his throne.

2 His name, as sovereign Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands ;
Great is his grace, and sure his word,
His truth forever stands.

High as the heav'ns are rais'd, A - bove the ground we tread;

So far the riches of his grace, Our high - est thoughts exceed.

197 *The Lord seen and adored
in Creation.*

1 When I survey this world,
With all its beauteous frame,
Its great Creator I adore,
And celebrate his name.
2 The boundless whole displays
The wonders of the Lord;
All nature echoes with his praise,
And be his name ador'd
3 The sun in ev'ry beam
Proclaims the God above :
Its ardent rays exhibit him,
Who rules the worlds in love.

4 The lofty stars by night,
The moon with paler glow,
In ev'ry twinkling ray of light,
Their Maker's honor show.

5 The universal whole
Proclaims Jehovah's praise;
And O, that ev'ry living soul
Would songs of honor raise.

6 The worlds were made in love,
By wisdom all divine;
And while in praise my tongue can
move,
That praise, O Lord, be thine !

198 *Flight of Time.*

- 1 Another day is past,
The hours forever fled,
And time is bearing us away
To mingle with the dead.
- 2 Our minds in perfect peace
Our Father's care shall keep,
We yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.
- 3 How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed !
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

199 *Obligation to Gratitude and Praise.*

- 1 My Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe :
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind,
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.
- 3 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on my early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form my lips to praise.
- 4 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.
- 5 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine ;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

200 *Gospel Worship and Order.*

- 1 Great is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great ;
He makes the church his blest abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 Far as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise :
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well.
- 4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent, and how wise !
How glorious to behold !
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die ;
Will be our Guide whilst here below,
Our God above the sky.

201 *Brotherly Love.*

- 1 Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;
Whose kind designs to serve and
Through all their actions run ! [please
- 2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet ;
Their songs of praise, their mingled
Make their communion sweet. [vows,

AIR. Ah, when shall I a - wake From sin's soft soothing power,

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom two are in bass clef. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The time signature is 2/2. The music features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "AIR. Ah, when shall I a - wake From sin's soft soothing power,"

The slum-ber from my spir - it shake, And rise to fall no more.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, continuing the key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: "The slum-ber from my spir - it shake, And rise to fall no more."

203 *Nature and Scripture.*

- 1 Behold ! the lofty sky
Declares its Maker, God :
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.
- 2 Ye Christian lands, rejoice !
Here he reveals his word,
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.
- 3 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.
- 4 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

204 *For a Holy Heart.*

- 1 Great source of life and light,
Thy heavenly grace impart,
And by thy holy spirit write
Thy law upon my heart.
- 2 My soul would cleave to thee ;
Let naught my purpose move ;
O, let my faith more steadfast be,
And more intense my love !
- 3 Long as my trials last,
Long as the cross I bear,
O, let my soul on thee be cast
In confidence and prayer
- 4 Conduct me to the shore
Of everlasting peace,
Where storms and tempests rise no
Where sin and sorrow cease. [more,

205 *The Saviour Commemorated.*

- 1 Jesus, the Friend of Man,
Invites us to his board :
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.
- 2 Here we survey that love
Which spoke in every breath,
Which crowned each action of his life
And triumphed in his death.
- 3 Then let our powers unite,
His sacred name to raise;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.
- 4 And while we share the gifts
Which from the gospel flow,
O, may our hearts to all mankind
With warm affection glow.

206 *Watchfulness and Prayer
Inculcated.*

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down :
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

1. The pit - y of the Lord, To such as fear his name,

2. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn-ing flower!

3. But thy compassions, Lord, To endless years en - dure;

3 2 5 7 6 7
1 4 3 # 5 #

Is such as ten-der parents feel,— He knows our fee-ble frame.

When blasting winds sweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour.

And children's children ev - er find Thy words of prom-ise sure.

4 6 4 6 7
3 3 3 6 7

208 *Christian Hope and Joy.*

1 Christians, dismiss your fear,
Let hope and joy succeed;
The welcome news with gladness hear;
The Lord is risen indeed !

2 The shades of death withdrawn,
His eyes their beams display;
So wakes the sun, when rosy dawn
Unbars the gates of day.

3 Angelic hosts above
The rising victor sing,
And all the blissful seats of love
With loud hosannas ring.

4 Ye pilgrims, too, below,
Your hearts and voices raise;
Let every breast with gladness glow,
And every mouth be praise.

209 *Rejoicing in Hope.*

1 Now let our voices join
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 The flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

3 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

4 All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way;
To him who leads the wand'ers on
To realms of endless day !

210 *Delight in Divine Worship.*

1 My God, permit my tongue
With joy to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.

2 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.

3 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

4 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee whilst I live ;
Not the gay scenes of time and sense
Such pure delight can give.

5 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

6 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

211 *Trust and Praise.*

1 Far as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

2 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

My soul, with joy at-tend, While Je - sus silence breaks;

No an - - - gel's harp such mu - - - sic yields,

As what my shepherd speaks, As what my shepherd speaks.

213 *Family Religious Affection.*

1 How pleasing, Lord ! to see,
How pure is the delight,
When mutual love, and love to thee,
A family unite !

2 From these celestial springs
Such streams of comfort flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

3 No bliss can equal theirs,
Where such affections meet;
While mingled praise and mingled
prayers
Make their communion sweet.

4 'Tis the same pleasure fills
The breast in worlds above;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

214 *Christ the Light of the World.*

- 1 Behold, the Prince of peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's only Son himself fulfils
The sure prophetic word.
- 2 The spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great Prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.
- 3 Jesus, thou Light of men,
Thy doctrine life imparts :
O may we feel its quickening power,
To warm and glad our hearts !
- 4 Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way!
The path which Christ hath marked and
Will lead to endless day [trod,

215 *Birth of Christ.*

- 1 Behold, the grace appears,
The blessing promised long;
Angels announce the Saviour near
In this triumphant song : —
- 2 Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth.
- 3 In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs : —
- 4 Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth.

216 *Stone laid in Zion.*

- 1 Behold the Corner-Stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes ;
This day declares it all divine;
'This day did Jesus rise.
- 3 How glorious is the day
By our Redeemer made !
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray ;
Let all the world be glad.
- 4 Hosanna to the King,
Of David's royal blood ;
Bless him, our souls; he comes to bring
Salvation from our God.

217 *Pure Devotion.*

- 1 Let pure devotion rise,
And kindle to a flame;
Ascend like incense to the skies,
In our Redeemer's name.
- 2 His word, like drops of dew,
Descends on every heart,
Subdues and fashions us anew,
And bids our sins depart.
- 3 His grace our faith sustains,
And dissipates our fear,
Binds all our wounds, abates our pains,
And gives us comforts here.
- 4 He bids our willing eyes
Look through the gloomy shade,
To joys immortal in the skies,
That never cloy nor fade.

AIR. I'll praise my Mak - er with my breath, And when my voice

is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:

My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought,

and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

219 *Source of Consolation.*

1 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their
train;
His truth forever stands secure :
He saves the wretched, feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

2 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the laboring conscience
peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

3 I'll praise him while he lends me
breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow-
ers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

220 *Holy Scriptures.*

1 How precious, Lord, thy holy word !
What light and joy its truths afford
To souls benighted and distressed !
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way;
Thy law forbids our feet to stray;
Thy promise leads our souls to rest.

2 From the discoveries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life we draw;
These are our study and delight :
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace past
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3 Thy threatenings wake our slumber-
ing eyes,
And warn us where our danger lies;
But 'tis thy holy gospel, Lord,
That makes the guilty conscience clean,
Converts the soul, subdues our sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

221 *Universal Praise.*

1 Let all the earth their voices raise,
To sing a lofty song of praise,
And bless the great Jehovah's name;
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his works of grace proclaim.

2 Great is the Lord, his praise be great,
Who sits on high enthroned in state,
To him alone let praise be given;
Those gods the heathen world adore,
In vain pretend to sovereign power,
He only rules who made the heaven.

3 He fram'd the globe, he spread the
sky,
And all the shining worlds on high,
He reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majesty and light,
His glories how divinely bright !
His temples how divinely fair !

4 Let heaven be glad, let earth rejoice,
Let ocean lift its roaring voice,
Proclaiming loud, Jehovah reigns !
For joy let fertile valleys sing,
And tuneful groves their tribute bring,
To him whose power the world sus-
tains.

God is our refuge in distress, A present help when dangers press;

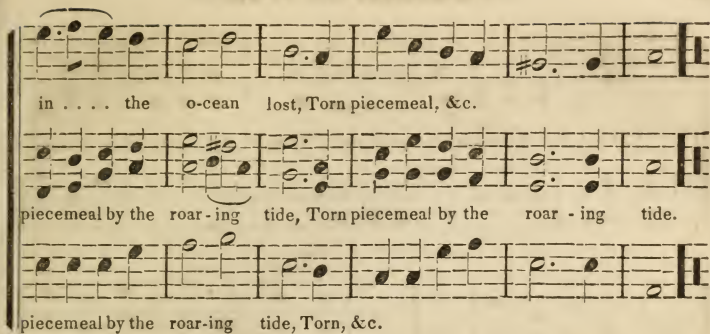
In him, undaunted, we'll con - fide, Tho'

Tho' earth were from her

Tho' earth were from her cen - tre tost, And moun - - tains

earth were from her centre tost, And mountains in the ocean lost, Torn

centre tost, And mountains in the o - - - - - ean lost, Torn



in . . . the o-cean lost, Torn piecemeal, &c.

piecemeal by the roar-ing tide, Torn piecemeal by the roar-ing tide.

piecemeal by the roar-ing tide, Torn, &c.

2 A gentle stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord will fill,
The royal seat of God most high;
God dwells in Zion, whose fair towers
Shall mock th'assaults of earthly powers,
While his almighty aid is nigh.

3 He that has God his guardian made,
Shall, under his almighty shade,
Secure and undisturbed abide ;
Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
"He is my fortress, and my stay,
My God in whom I will confide.

223 *Voice of God's Works.*

1 Great God, the heav'n's well-ordered
Declares the glory of thy name : [frame
There thy rich works of wonder shine.
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear,
Of boundless power and skill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read ;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice ;
The sun, in robes of splendor drest
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round and makes the earth
rejoice.

4 Where'er he spreads his beams
abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his maker, God ;
All nature joins him in the praise.
Thus God in every creature shines ;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is the book of grace.

1. Lord, thou hast won, at length I yield, My heart, by mighty grace compell'd,

Sur - renders all to thee: A - gainst thy ter - rors long I strove,

But who can stand a - gainst thy love, Love conquers e - ven me.

2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
 And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
 I still had stubborn been:
 But mercy has my heart subdued,
 A bleeding Saviour I have view'd,
 And now, I hate my sin.

3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone;
 Come, take possession of thine own,
 For thou hast set me free;
 Releas'd from sin, at thy command
 See all my pow'rs in waiting stand,
 To be employed by thee.

224 *Christian Beneficence.*

- 1 Hail, love divine ! joys ever new,
While thy kind dictates we pursue,
Our souls delighted share;
Too high for sordid minds to know,
Who on themselves alone bestow
Their wishes and their care.
- 2 By thee inspired, the generous breast,
In blessing others only blest,
With kindness large and free;
Delights the widow's tears to stay,
To teach the blind their smoothest way,
And aid the feeble knee.
- 3 O God, with sympathetic care,
In other's joys and griefs to share,
Do thou our hearts incline;
Each low, each selfish wish control,
Warm with benevolence the soul,
And make us wholly thine.

225 *Resurrection.*

- 1 Arise, and hail the happy day,
Cast all low cares of life away,
And thought of meaner things :
This day, to cure our deadly woes,
The Sun of Righteousness arose
With healing in his wings.
- 2 If angels, on that happy morn
The Saviour of the world was born,
Poured forth their joyful songs,
Much more should we of human race,
Adore the wonders of his grace,
To whom that grace belongs.
- 3 O, then, let heaven and earth rejoice,
Let every creature join his voice,
To hymn the happy day,
When Jesus triumphed o'er his foes,
As from the shades of death he rose,
Life's sceptre wide to sway.

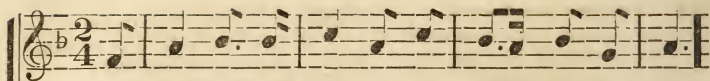
226 *On leaving for Sea.*

- 1 O Thou, who dost the seas control,
Inspire our every waiting soul
With holy trust in thee;
While we our hopes on thee recline,
O may we feel that we are thine,
And thine shall ever be.
- 2 O Thou, who on the waters lay
Thy chambers, and the seas obey
Thine all controlling voice ;
Who dost command, and at thy will
The raging of the seas is still,
And fearful souls rejoice;—
- 3 Grant thy protecting care and aid,
Nor let us ever be afraid,
But feel thy presence near;
As on the trackless seas we ride,
Be thou our Guardian, and our Guide,
Our souls with courage cheer.
- 4 And may thy breezes gently blow,
Thy presence sooth us where we go,
Till we return in peace,
To greet our friends, and with them raise
To thee the song of grateful praise,
Rejoicing in thy grace.

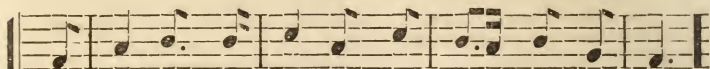
227 *Sabbath Morning.*

- 1 Be peace implored by each on thee,
O Zion, while with bended knee
To Jacob's God we pray.
How blessed who calls himself thy
Success his labors shall attend, [friend!
And safety guard his way.
- 2 O mayst thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild wastes deplore;
May plenty nigh thee take her stand,
And in thy courts with lavish hand,
Distribute all her store.

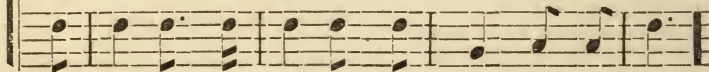
SWEET HOME.



1. 'Mid scenes of con - fus - ion and crea - ture complaints,



How sweet to my soul is com - mun - ion with saints;



To find at the banquet of mer - cy there's room,



And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home.



2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace !
 And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease !
 Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
 I long to behold thee, in glory, at home.

3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
 O give me submission and strength as my day ;
 In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
 Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

4 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
 The Spirit's sure witness and smiles of thy face;
 Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
 And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

5 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
 No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,
 And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
 With glorified millions to praise thee, at home.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 Our Father in heaven, we hallow thy name !
 May thy kingdom holy on earth be the same !
 O give to us daily thy portion of bread ;
 It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know
 That humble compassion which pardons each foe:
 Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin,
 And thine be the glory forever, — Amen !

“ Prepare ye the Way of the Lord.”

1 A voice from the desert comes awful and shrill ;
 The Lord is advancing ! prepare ye the way !
 The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfill,
 And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.

2 Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to heaven,
 And be the low valley exalted on high ;
 The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even,
 For, Zion ! your King, your Redeemer is nigh.

1. The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care ;

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are bass clefs with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed below the first staff.

His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watch-ful eye.

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are bass clefs with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed below the first staff.

My noon-day walks he shall attend, And all my mid-night hours defend.

The third system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are bass clefs with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed below the first staff.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewey meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still.
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade,

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,—
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage
crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

233 *The Sabbath.*

1 Sweet to the soul the parting ray,
That ushers placid evening in,
When with the still, expiring day,
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin;
How grateful to the anxious breast,
The sacred hours of holy rest.

2 Hushed is the tumult of this day,
And worldly cares and business cease
While soft the vesper breezes play,
To hymn the glad return of peace.
O season blest! O moment given
To turn the vagrant thoughts to heav'n.

3 Oft as the hallowed hour shall come,
O raise my thoughts from earthly things,
And bear them to my heavenly home,
On living faith's immortal wings —
Till the last gleam of life decay,
In one eternal Sabbath day.

234 *Omnipresence of God.*

1 Above, below, where'er I gaze,
Thy guiding finger, Lord, I view,
Traced in the midnight planets' blaze
Or glist'ning in the morning dew :
Whate'er is beautiful or fair,
Is but thine own reflection there.

2 And when the radiant orb of light
Hath tipped the mountain tops with
gold,
Smote with the blaze, my weary sight
Shrinks from the wonder I behold;
That ray of glory, bright and fair,
Is but thy living shadow there.

235 *Christ's Birth.*

1 Arrayed in clouds of golden light,
More bright than heaven's effulgent
bow,
Jehovah's angel came by night,
To bless the sleeping world below.
How soft the music of his tongue !
How sweet the hallowed strain he sung

2 Good-will henceforth to man be given,
The light of glory beams on earth :
Let angels tune the harps of heaven,
And saints rejoice in Shiloah's birth;
In him all nations shall be blest,
And his shall be a glorious rest.

1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears,

The sons of earth are wak - ing, To pen - i - ten - tial tears ;

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean, Brings tidings from a - far,

Of nations in com - mo - tion Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
 In many a gentle shower,
 And brighter scenes before us,
 Are opening every hour;
 Each cry to Heaven going,
 Abundant answers brings,
 And heavenly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.

Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way,
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay;
 Stay not, till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home,
 Stay not, till all the holy
 Proclaim the Lord has come.

237 *Pray without ceasing.*

1 Go when the morning shineth,
 Go when the noon is bright,
 Go when the eve declineth,
 Go in the hush of night;
 Go with pure mind and feeling,
 Cast earthly thoughts away,
 And, in thy closet kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee;
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be;
 Then for thyself, in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And blend with each petition
 Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
 When friends are round thy way,
 E'en then the silent breathing,
 Thy spirit raised above,
 Will reach his throne of glory,
 Where dwells eternal love.

4 O, not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare, —
 The grace our father gave us
 To pour our souls in prayer:
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before his footstool fall;
 Remember, in thy gladness,
 His love who gave thee all.

238 *Reflections at Sunset.*

1 The mellow eve is gliding
 Serenely down the west;
 So, every care subsiding,
 My soul would sink to rest.
 The woodland hum is ringing
 The daylight's gentle close;
 May angels round me singing,
 Thus hymn my last repose.

2 The evening star has lighted
 Her crystal lamp on high;
 So, when in death benighted,
 May hope illumine the sky.
 In golden splendor dawning,
 The morrow's light shall break;
 O, on the last bright morning
 May I in glory wake.

239 *Confidence in God.*

1 God is my strong salvation;
 What foe have I to fear!
 In darkness and temptation
 My light, my help is near.
 Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm to the fight I stand;
 What terror can confound me
 With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
 My soul, with courage wait;
 His truth be thine affianced,
 When faint and desolate;
 His might thine heart shall strengthen
 His love thy joy increase;
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
 The Lord will give thee peace

1. Hail, to the Lord's anointed! Great David's greater Son; Hail, in the time ap-

pointed, His reign on earth begun! He comes to break oppression, To

set the captive free, To take away transgression, And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
 To those who suffer wrong;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
 Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like show'rs
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love, and joy, like flow'rs,
 Spring in his path to birth;

Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go,
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

4 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end:
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His name shall stand for ever;
 That name to us is — Love.

241 *Morning.*

1 To Thee, my God and Saviour,
 My soul exulting sings,
 Rejoicing in thy favor,
 Almighty King of kings !
 I'll celebrate thy glory
 With all thy saints above,
 And tell the joyful story
 Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
 Bedecks the dæwey east,
 And when the sun reposes
 Upon the ocean's breast:
 My voice in supplication,
 My Saviour, thou shalt hear;
 O grant me thy salvation,
 And to my soul draw near.

3 Thy gracious love possessing
 In all my pilgrim road,
 My soul shall feel thy blessing
 In thy divine abode;
 There, bowing down before thee,
 My every conflict o'er,
 My spirit shall adore thee,
 Forever, evermore.

242 *"Remember thy Creator."*

1 "Remember thy Creator,"
 While youth's fair spring is bright,
 Before thy cares are greater,
 Before comes age's night;
 While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
 While stars the darkness cheer,
 While life is all before thee,
 Thy great Creator fear.

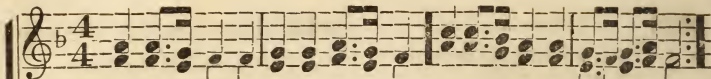
243 *Joy and Peace in Believing.*

1 Sometimes a light surprises
 The Christian while he sings :
 It is the Lord, who rises
 With healing in his wings;
 When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.

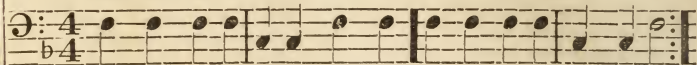
2 In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new :
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 "E'en let the unknown morrow
 Bring with it what it may."

3 It can bring with it nothing,
 But He will bear us through :
 Who gives the lilies clothing
 Will clothe his people too :
 Beneath the spreading heavens,
 No creature but is fed ;
 And he who feeds the ravens
 Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine, nor fig tree neither
 Its wonted fruit should bear ;
 Though all the field should wither,
 Nor flocks, nor herds be there .
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice ;
 For while in him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.



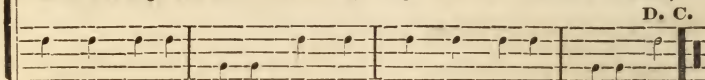
1. Come, thou long ex-pect-ed Je - sus! Born to set thy peo-ple free; }
From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in thee: }



Dear De - sire of ev'ry na - tion, Joy of ev'ry longing heart.



Is-rael's strength and conso - la - tion, Hope of all the saints thou art;



2 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring :
By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

245 *Children commended to Christ.*

1 Saviour who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share,

Now these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
T'here we know,—thy word believing—
Only there secure from harm.

2 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.
Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

216 *Domestic Worship.*

1 Peace be to this habitation;
 Peace to all that dwell therein;
 Peace, the earnest of salvation;
 Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin;
 Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver;
 Peace, to worldly minds unknown;
 Peace divine, that lasts forever;
 Peace, that comes from God alone.

2 Jesus, Prince of Peace, be near us;
 Fix in all our hearts thy home;
 With thy gracious presence cheer us;
 Let thy sacred kingdom come.
 Raise to heaven our expectation,
 Give our favored souls to prove
 Glorious and complete salvation,
 In the realms of bliss above.

247 *Morning Hymn for Family Worship.*

1 Pillows, wet with tears of anguish,
 Couches, pressed in sleepless woe,
 Where the sons of Belial languish,
 Father, may we never know!
 For the madd'ning cup shall never
 To our thirsting lips be pressed,
 But, our draft shall be forever
 The cold water thou hast blessed.

2 This shall give us strength to labor;
 This, make all our stores increase;
 This, with thee and with our neighbor,
 Bind us in the bonds of peace.
 For the lake, the well, the river,
 Water-brook and crystal spring,
 Do we now, to thee, the Giver,
 Thanks, our daily tribute, bring.

248 “ *Glorious things spoken of Zion.* ”

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God!
 He whose word cannot be broken
 Formed thee for his own abode.
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear and want remove.
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
 Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

249 *God of our Salvation.*

1 Praise to thee, thou great Creator;
 Praise be thine from every tongue;
 Join, my soul, with every creature,
 Join the universal song.
 Father, source of all compassion,
 Free unbounded grace is thine;
 Hail the God of our salvation;
 Praise him for his love divine.

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
 For the hope of future joy,
 Sound his praise through earth and
 heaven,
 Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
 Joyfully on earth adore him,
 Till in heaven our song we raise;
 There, enraptured, fall before him,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

1. Come, thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;

2. Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues above ;

Streams of mer-cy, nev - er ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.

Sacred mount, O fix me on it,—Mount of God's un-changing love.

3 Here I find my richest treasure ;
 Hither by thy grace I'm come ;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

5 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering soul to thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God of love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal
it, —
Seal it for thy courts above.

251 *Confidence in God's Protection.*

1 Father, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee ;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watches where thy people be.

4 When the night of death o'ertakes
us,
And commands us to the tomb,
May the morn in heav'n awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

252 *The Christian Mission.*

1 Onward, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone,
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee, — press thou on ?

2 By the thorn-wood, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won ;
Tread it without shrinking, brother !
Jesus trod it, — press thou on !

3 By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver,
O, for their sake, press thou on !

4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace ;
While it needs thee, O; no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release.

5 Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus, — " Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done ! "

253 *The Sacrifice of Thanksgiving.*

1 Lord of heaven, and earth and ocean,
Hear us from thy bright abode.
While our hearts, with true devotion,
Own their great and gracious God.

Health and every needful blessing
Are thy bounteous gifts alone;
Comforts undeserved possessing,
Here we bend before thy throne.

3 Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past;
Still to this most favored nation,
May these mercies ever last.

1. When the morning paints the skies, When the stars of evening rise,
 2. O how blest, how ex-cel-lent, 'Tis when heart and tongue consent,

55 56 6 6 6 87 6 6 4 4 65
 34 34 4 4 4 4 3 3 43

We thy praises will re-cord, Sovereign Ru-ler, Mighty Lord
 Grate-ful heart and joy-ful tongue, Hymning thee in cheerful song.

6 6 67 5 6 43 65 65 7 5 6 6 87
 4 43 43 5 6 4

251 " *I will that men pray
everywhere.*"

1 Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye -
Ever following silently;

2 Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy daily work to leave;
Pray, ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

3 Trav'ler, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;

4 Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea, —
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

255 *Morning Hymn.*

1 Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord may we be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand, and watch and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O, receive us then at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

256 *For Union of Heart*

1 God, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy loving children are.

2 Join us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of thine :
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all !

3 Closer knit us to our Head,
Nourish us in Christ, and feed;
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.

4 Move and actuate and guide,
Divers gifts to each divide ;
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfill.

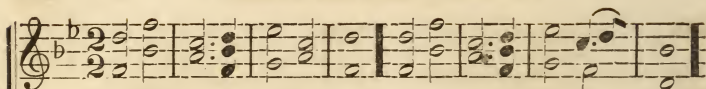
5 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy,
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its share.

6 Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered our distinctions void !
Names, and sects, and parties fall :
Thou, O God, art all in all !

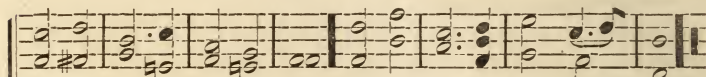
257 *The Harmony of Love.*

1 Lord ! subdue our selfish will;
Each to each our tempers suit,
By thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute.

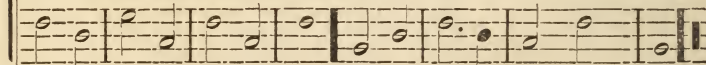
2 Sweetly on our spirits move;
Gently touch the trembling strings ·
Make the harmony of love,
Music for the King of kings !



1. 'Tis re - li - gion that can give, Sweetest pleasure while we live;
2. Af - ter death its joys shall be, Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty;



'Tis re - li - gion can sup - ply, Sol - id comfort when we die.
God, the Fa - ther, is my friend, And my bliss shall know no end.



259 *Sabbath Evening.*

1 Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth, as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God, —
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

260 *Morning Hymn.*

1 Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may we be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away;

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day;
May we stand and watch and pray;

3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O, receive us then at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

261 *Evening Hymn.*

1 Lord of glory ! King of power !
In this lone and silent hour,
While the shades of darkness rise,
And the eve is on the skies,

2 By thy blessing, as the dews,
Which yon shaded skies diffuse,
Bid our feverish passions cease ;
Calm us with thy promised peace.

3 Wheresoe'er the brow of pain
Seeks oblivion's balm in vain,
Or the form of watchful grief
Knows not of the night's relief,

4 There thy pity, softening power,
There the spirit's calm restore ;
Till each tongue, from murmuring free,
Wakes the hymn of praise to thee.

262 *Evening Hymn.*

1 Interval of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head !
Welcome slumbers to mine eyes,
Tired with glaring vanities !

2 My great master still allows
Needful periods of repose :
By my heavenly Father blest,
Thus I give my powers to rest.

3 Heavenly Father, gracious name !
Night and day his love the same !
Far be each suspicious thought,
Every anxious care forgot !

4 Thou, my ever-bounteous God,
Crown'st my days with various good ;
Thy kind eye which cannot sleep,
My defenceless hours shall keep.

263 *Morning or Evening.—All
from God.*

1 Father, thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide ?
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has thy hand of love supplied,

2 Thine is every thought of bliss,
Left by hours and days gone by ;
Every hope thy offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.

3 Every sun of splendid ray ;
Every moon that shines serene ;
Every morn that welcomes day ;
Every evening's twilight scene ;

4 Every hour which wisdom brings ;
Every incense at thy shrine ;
These — and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest — all are thine.

5 And for all, my hymns shall rise
Daily to thy gracious throne :
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn unwearied — righteous One !

6 Through life's strange vicissitude
There reposing all my care,
Trusting still through ill and good,
Fixed and cheered and counselled there

ARRANGED BY CHARLES E. CARPENTER, PROVIDENCE.

1. Old hoary winter now has ceased his rag - ing;

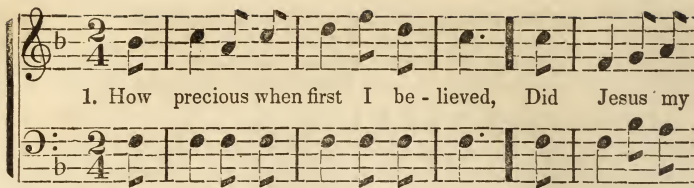
2. See how the mild and ver - nal clouds come float - ing

And all his storms and blasts are hushed in silence, And in re -

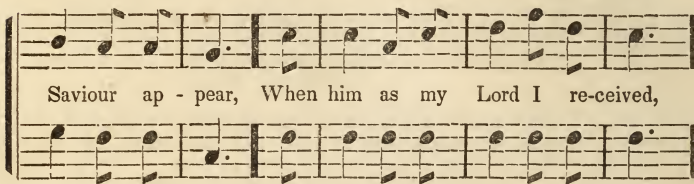
On the soft ether, charged with copi - ous showr's, Balmy and

turn the mild and gen - tle spring comes Blooming with verdure.

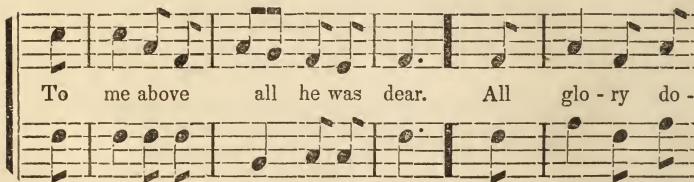
gen - tle they dis - til in plen - ty, All hearts rejoic - ing.



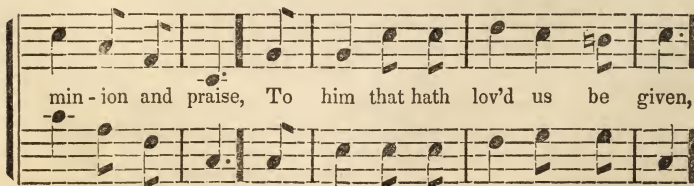
1. How precious when first I be - lieved, Did Jesus my



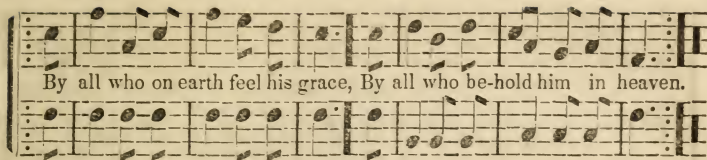
Saviour ap - pear, When him as my Lord I re - ceived,



To me above all he was dear. All glo - ry do -



min - ion and praise, To him that hath lov'd us be given,



2 With joy when my cup runneth o'er,
When smiles this vain world upon me,
My soul is transported still more,
My precious Redeemer to see.
Dominion and glory and might,
For ever and ever be paid,
To Jesus our joy and delight,
In robes of salvation arrayed.

3 How precious in sickness and pain,
Is Jesus, Physician divine,
Whose grace then my soul doth sustain,
When all earthly comforts decline.
Salvation ascribe to the Lamb,
Who saved us from death and from sin,
Whose blood is the life-giving balm,
That heals all the sickness within.

4 Thro' death's gloomy vale when I
tread,
And when the grave's terrors appear,
No danger or evil I'll dread,
For Jesus, my Lord, will be there,
His praises forever we'll sing
Who's willing and mighty to save,
Who took from the monster his sting,
And spoiled of its terror the grave.

266 *God Unchangeably Good.*

1 This God is the God we adore,
The faithful unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And knows neither measure nor end.

'Tis he is the first and the last,
Whose hand shall conduct us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

267 "Why did ye fear?"

1 How oft on the ocean of life,
Do billows on billows arise;
And the winds with harrassing strife,
Blow clouds of dismay o'er the skies!
The sails of prosperity torn,
Leave us with the tempests to cope,
And scarcely, our state's so forlorn,
Find room for the anchor of Hope.

2 Yet still with the compass of Faith,
The chart of the gospel on board,
We smile on the whirlpool beneath,
Assur'd that our pilot's the Lord.
And why should we ever mistrust
While Christ in the steerage is laid?
He seems to be sleeping at first,
But wakes when we call for his aid.

3 "Ah! why did ye fear?" he will cry;
Then speaking His word of control,
All danger and terror shall fly,
And leave a sweet calm on the soul.
Then years will not waste me away,
But bear me with joy on their wing,
And I shall behold the glad day,
Whence life, never ending, shall spring.

1. Ye tribes of Ad-am, join With heaven, and earth, and seas; And

of-fer notes divine, To your Creator's praise ; Ye hó - ly throng Of
Ye holy throng of angels bright, In

angels bright, Ye holy throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light Begin the song.
worlds of light Begin the song, In worlds of light Be - gin the song.

2 Virgins and youth, engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join :
Wide as he reigns
His name he sung
By every tongue
In endless strains.

3 Let all the nations fear
The God that reigns above ;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love :
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honors high.

269 *Thanksgiving.*

1 To thee, eternal king,
We raise our thankful eyes,
From whom all blessings spring
In earth and sea and skies :
Each rolling year thy grace imparts,
And wakes to praise our grateful hearts.

2 The treasures of thy love
In all directions flow,
And from the fount above
Unceasing gifts bestow ;
From this blest fount, indulgent Lord,
Streamed the rich glories of thy word.

3 O may the golden sun,
Full in his noontide blaze,
And e'en the silver moon,
Instruct our hearts to praise ;
While all the stars which stud the skies,
Beam love, as through unnumbered eyes.

4 Oft as returning spring
Shall waft its genial gale,
And we, 'neath summer's wing
The fragrant breeze inhale, —
In every season, through all time,
Great God, we'll praise thy name divine.

270 *Jubilee.*

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come :
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Behold the Son of God,
Commissioned from above,
To all the human race
The messenger of love :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
The Father's love displayed ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mourning souls, be glad :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

271 *Faithfulness of God's Promise.*

1 The promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke ;
Nor will the eternal King
His words of grace revoke ;
They stand secure, | Not Zion's hill,
And steadfast still | Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away,
When once the judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years ;
But still the same, | The promise shines,
In radiant lines, | Thro' all the flame.

272 *Doxology.*

Glory to God on high ;
Forever bless his name ;
Let earth, and seas and sky,
His wondrous love proclaim.
To him be praise and glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven.

1. How pleased and blest was I, To hear the peo - ple cry,

"Come let us seek our God to - day;" Yes, with a cheer-ful zeal,

We'll haste to Zi-on's hill, And there our vows and hon - ors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength enclose thee
round :

In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there :
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest.
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

5 My tongue repeats her vows —
"Peace to this sacred house,"
For here my friends and kindred dwell:
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

274 *The Nativity.*

1 Nor war nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
No hostile chiefs to combat ran;
But peaceful was the night,
In which the Prince of light
His reign of peace on earth began.

2 The shepherds on the lawn,
Before the point of dawn,
In social circle sat; while round,
The gentle fleecy brood
Or cropped the flowery food,
Or slept, or sported on the ground.

3 When, lo! with ravished ears,
Each swain delighted hears
Sweet music, of no mortal hand;
Divinely-warbled voice,
Answering the stringed noise,
With blissful rapture charmed the band.

4 Hail, hail, auspicious morn!
The Saviour Christ is born!
Such was the seraph's song sublime.
Glory to God in heaven!
To man sweet peace be given,
Sweet friendship, to the end of time!

275 *The Blessings of Friendship.*

1 How pleasant 'tis to see,
Kindred and friends agree;
Each in their proper station move,
And each fulfill their part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet:
The oil through all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes and blest his feet.

2 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring hills:
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love like heavenly dew distils.

276 *Sovereignty of God.*

1 The Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd;
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands;
And skies and stars obey thy word;
Thy throne was fixed on high,
Before the starry sky;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new:
There fix'd, thy church shall ne'er
remove:
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

WHEN I CAN READ.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To mansions in the

2. Should earth against my soul engage, And fie-ry darts be

skies, I'll bid fare-well to ev' - ry fear, And
hurl'd, Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And
wipe my weep - ing eyes, And wipe my weep - ing
face a frown - ing world, And face a frown - ing

eyes, And wipe my weep - ing eyes, I'll
 world, And face a frowning world, Then
 bid fare-well to ev'-ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
 I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.

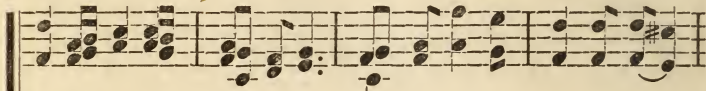
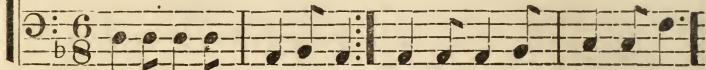
3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come, 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 And storms of sorrow fall; In seas of heavenly rest,
 May I but safely reach my home, And not a wave of trouble roll
 My God, my Heaven, my All. Across my peaceful breast.

5 When we've been there ten thousand years,
 Bright shining as the sun,
 We've no less days to sing God's praise
 Than when we first begun.

Slow.



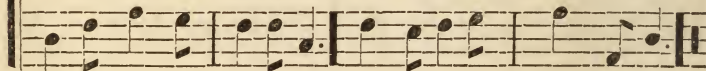
1. When shall we all meet a-gain? When shall we all meet a - gain?



Oft shall glow-ing hope as-pire, Oft shall wearied love re - tire.



Oft shall death and sorrow reign, Ere we all shall meet a-gain.



2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath a hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in fancy's wide domain!
Then shall we all meet again.

3 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth and fame are laid:
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

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NOTE.—We number the pages and hymns of the Supplement in direct successive order from the former Collection, to save the trouble of naming the part in giving out the hymn.

In gentle and flowing style. V. C. TAYLOR. From Taylor's Sacred Minstrel.



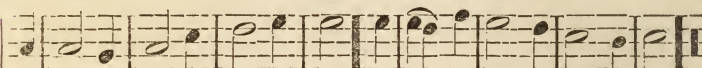
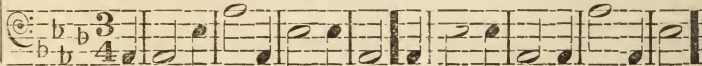
1. My God, how endless is thy love! Thy gifts are every evening new;



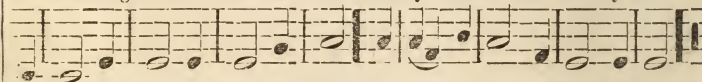
2. Thou spreadst the curtain of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;



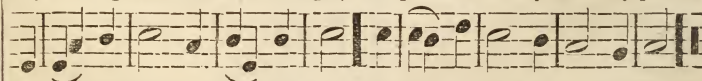
3. I yield my powers to thy command; To thee I con-secrate my days;



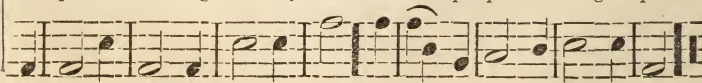
And morning mercies from a - bove Gently distil like ear - ly dew.



Thy sovereign word restores the light, And quickens all my drow - sy powers.



Per - pet - ual blessings from thy hand Demand per - pet - ual songs of praise.



280 *Family Religion.*

1 Where'er the Lord shall build my
An altar to his name I'll raise; [house,
There, morn, and evening shall ascend
The sacrifice of prayer and praise.

2 With duteous mind, the social band
Shall search the records of thy law; -
There learn thy will, and humbly bow
With filial reverence and awe.

3 Here may he fix his sacred seat,
And spread the banner of his love;
Till, ripened for a happier state,
We meet the family above.

281 *Divine Protection.*

1 My God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till every cloud be overblown.

2 Up to the Heavens I raise my cry;
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

3 My heart is fixed; my song shall
Immortal honors to his name; [raise
Awake my tongue to sound his praise;
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

4 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

5 Be thou exalted, O my God, [dwell;
Above the Heavens where angels
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

282 *The Hour of Prayer.*

1 Blest hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to Heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word. [sign

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares re-
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While, all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest. [nigh,

3 Blest hour, when God himself draws
Well pleased his people's voice to hear;
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour! for where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of Heaven.

283 *Temperance Hymn.*

1 God of our fathers, 'tis thy hand
Hath turned the tide of death away,
That rolled in madness o'er the land,
And filled thy people with dismay.

2 Thy voice awak'd us from our dream,
Thy spirit taught our hearts to feel;
'Twas thy own light, whose radiant beam
Came down our duty to reveal.

3 Almighty Parent, still in thee
Our spirits trust for strength divine;
Gird us with heaven's own energy,
And o'er our paths let wisdom shine.

4 The work of man's destruction stay;
The tide of fire still backward press;
Drive each delusive mist away,
And every humble effort bless.

Gentle.

From the Dulcimer, by permission.

Dea. W. D. GOULD.

1. From eve - ry stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes,

2. There is a place, where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads ;

3. There is a scene, where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;

4. There, there, on eagle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo - lest no more ;

There is a calm, a sure re - treat, 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy-seat.

A place than all be - side more sweet; It is the heavenly mercy - seat.

Though sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mer - cy - seat.

And heaven comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mercy - seat.

285 *Light and Comfort from the Scriptures.*

1 To God, its source, my soul aspires;
Come, Lord! and fill my vast desires;
Be thou my portion; here I rest,
Since of my utmost wish possess'd.

2 Oh! let thy sacred word impart
Its gen'rous influence to my heart;
With power, and light, and love divine,
A-sure my soul that thou art mine.

3 The blissful word, with joy replete,
Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat;
And heaven-born hope, serenely bright,
Shine cheerful through this mortal night.

4 Then shall my joyful spirit rise
On wings of faith above the skies: [o'er,
And when these transient scenes are
And this vain world shall tempt no more,

5 O! may I reach the blissful plains,
Where thy unclouded glory reigns,
And dwell forever near thy throne,
In joys to mortal thought unknown.

286 *"It is I, be not afraid."*

1 When Power Divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said,
"Lo, it is I!—be not afraid."

2 So, when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall ev'ry pang remove—
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

3 Bles't be the voice that breathes from Heaven,
To every heart in sunder riven,
When love, and joy, and hope are fled,
"Lo, it is I!—be not afraid."

287 *Family Religion.*

1 Blest is the man who fears the Lord,
And walks by his unerring word;
Comfort and peace his days attend,
And God will ever prove his friend.

2 To him who condescends to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell,
Be our domestic altars raised,
And daily let his name be praised.

3 To him may each assembled house
Present their night and morning vows;
And children of the rising race
Be taught his precepts and his grace.

4 When nature droops, our aged eyes
Shall see our children's children rise;
Till pleased and thankful we remove,
And join the family above.

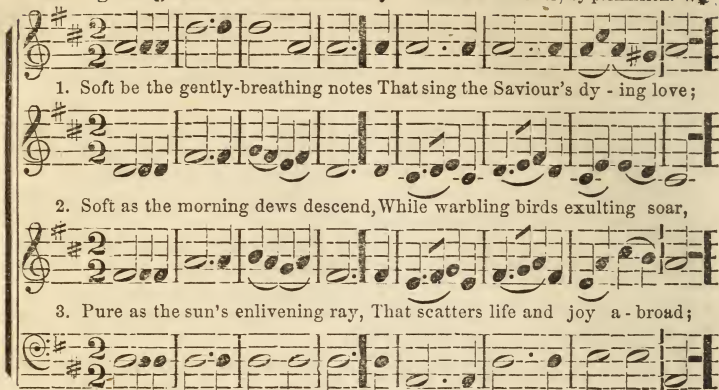
288 *New Year.*

1 My helper, God! I bless his name;
The same his power, his grace the
The tokens of his friendly care [same;
Open, and crown, and close, the year.

2 I'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand,
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led me on;
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And, while I tread this mortal land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

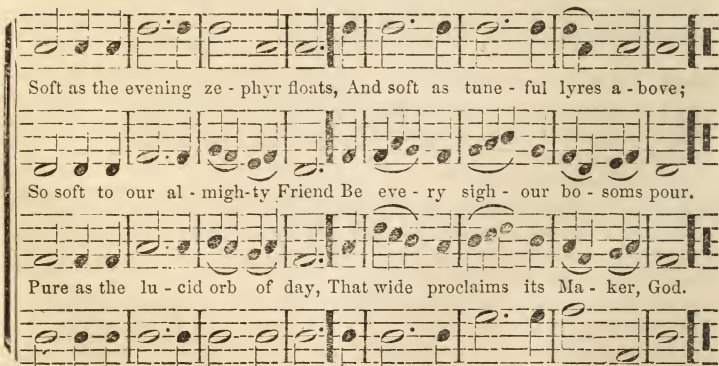
With great gentleness and delicacy. From the Dulcimer, by permission. W.



1. Soft be the gently-breathing notes That sing the Saviour's dy - ing love;

2. Soft as the morning dews descend, While warbling birds exulting soar,

3. Pure as the sun's enlivening ray, That scatters life and joy a - broad;



Soft as the evening ze - phyr floats, And soft as tune - ful lyres a - bove;

So soft to our al - migh - ty Friend Be eve - ry sigh - our bo - soms pour.

Pure as the lu - cid orb of day, That wide proclaims its Ma - ker, God.

290 *The River of Life.*

- 1 There is a pure and peaceful wave,
That issues from the throne of love,
Whose waters gladden as they lave
The bright and heavenly courts above.
- 2 In living streams behold that tide
Thro' Christ the rock profusely burst;
And in his word, behold supplied
The fount for which our spirits thirst.
- 3 The pilgrim faint, who seems to sink
Beneath the sultry sky of time,
May here repose, and freely drink
The waters of that better clime.
- 4 And every soul may here partake
The blessings of the fount above;
And none who drink will e'er forsake
The crystal stream of boundless love.

291 *The Better Land.*

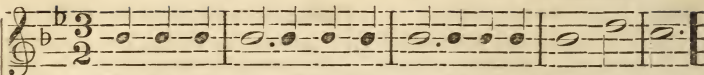
- 1 There is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptur'd thought, [tween
So bright that all which spreads be-
Is with its radiant glory fraught;—
- 2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.
- 3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise,
To dissipate the gloom of night.
- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find,
Within the paradise of God.

292 *Communion with the Heart.*

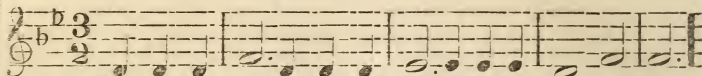
- 1 Return, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And your forsaken God implore.
- 2 And thou, O God, whose piercing
Distinct surveys each deep recess, [eye
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 3 Through all the mazes of my heart,
The search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.
- 4 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer,
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God hath fixed his dwelling there.

293 *Salvation by Christ.*

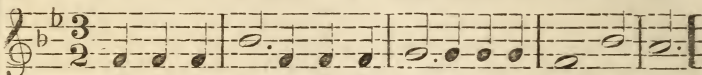
- 1 Salvation is forever nigh
The souls that love and trust the Lord,
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Now truth and mercy meet on earth,
In Christ, for our salvation given;
And, by a new, celestial birth,
He fits us for the courts of Heaven.
- 3 His peace and glory shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again;
Its balmy comforts spread around,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.
- 4 By him we have access to God;
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more;
While his salvation shines abroad,
We'll praise his justice, love and pow'r.



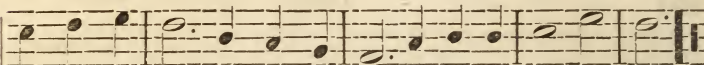
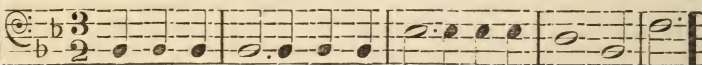
1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
 2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, It calms the troubled breast;



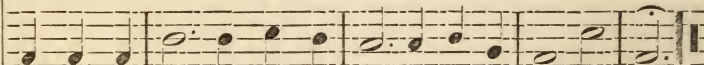
3. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought,



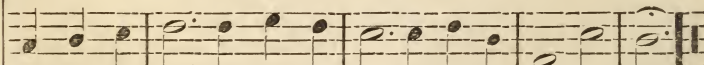
4. Till then I would thy love proclaim, With every fleet - ing breath;



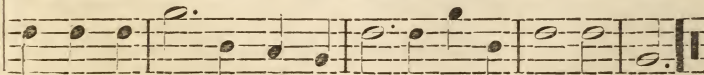
It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear?
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And, to the wea - ry, rest.



But when I see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought.



And may the mu - sic of thy name Re - fresh my soul in death.



295*Prayer.*

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
The watchward at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry " Behold he prays !"

296*Seeking God.*

- 1 Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.
- 2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care ;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to
And bid my heart rejoice ; [stay,
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

297 *The love of the Brethren.*

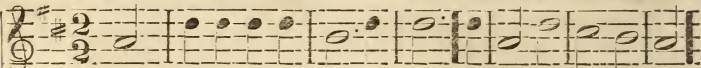
- 1 A holy air is breathing round,
A savor from above ;
Be every soul from sense unbound,
Be every spirit love.
- 2 O God, unite us heart to heart,
In sympathy divine,
That we be never drawn apart,
And love nor thee nor thine ;—
- 3 But, by the cross of Jesus taught,
And all thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
And nearer to our Lord.

298 *Prayer for the Christian Temper.*

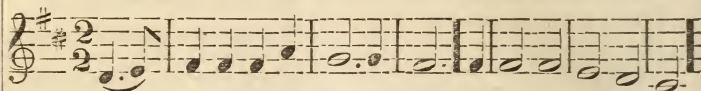
- 1 Almighty Maker ! Lord of all !
Of life the only spring !
Creator of unnumbered worlds !
Supreme, Eternal King !
- 2 Drive from the confines of my heart
Impenitence and pride ;
Nor let me, in forbidden paths,
With thoughtless sinners glide.
- 3 Let not despair nor fell revenge
Be to my bosom known :
Oh ! give me tears for others' woes,
And patience for my own.
- 4 Feed me with necessary food ;
I ask not wealth nor fame ;
Give me an eye to see thy will,
A heart to bless thy name.
- 5 May still my days serenely pass,
Without remorse or care ;
And growing holiness my soul
For life's last hour prepare.

With ardor.

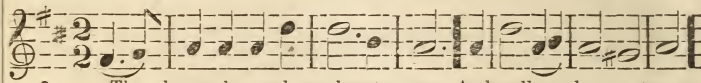
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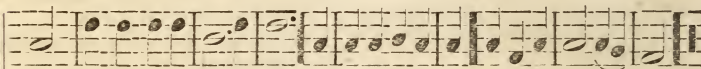
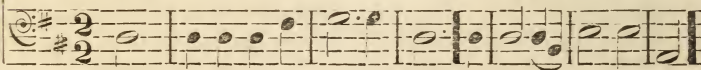
1. O, how I love thy ho-ly law! 'Tis dai-ly my de-light;



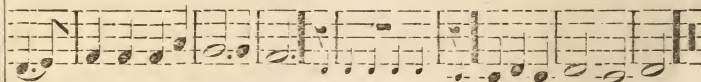
2. My waking eyes prevent the day, To med-i-tate thy word,



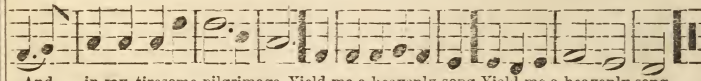
3. Thy heavenly words my heart engage, And well employ my tongue,



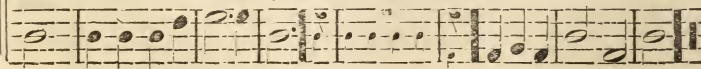
And thence my med-i-tations draw Di-vine advice by night, Divine advice by night.



My soul with longing melts away, To hear thy gospel, Lord, To hear thy gospel, Lord.



And in my tiresome pilgrimage Yield me a heavenly song, Yield me a heavenly song.



300 *Blessings of the Gospel.*

- 1 What glorious tidings do I hear
From my Redeemer's tongue!
I can no longer silence bear;
I'll burst into a song:
- 2 The blind receive their sight with joy;
The lame can walk abroad;
The dumb their loosened tongues em-
The deaf can hear the word. [ploy;
- 3 The dead are raised to life anew
By renovating grace;
The glorious gospel's preached to you,
The poor of Adam's race.
- 4 O wondrous type of things divine,
When Christ displays his love,
To raise from woe the sinking mind
To reign in realms above!

301 *Secret Prayer.*

- 1 Sweet is the prayer whose holy
In earnest pleading flows! [stream
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.
- 2 Faith grasps the blessings she de-
Hope points the upward gaze. [sires;
And Love, celestial Love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.
- 3 But sweeter far the still, small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.
- 4 No accents flow, no words ascend;
All ut'rance faileth there,
But Christian spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

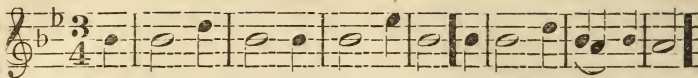
302 *Invitation to the Gospel Feast.*

- 1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor
Behold a royal feast,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous
For every humble guest! [store,
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms!
He calls, he bids you come;—
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room!
- 3 Come then, and with his people
The blessings of his love, [taste
While hope attends the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above.
- 4 There with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.
- 5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;—
Approach, there yet is room.

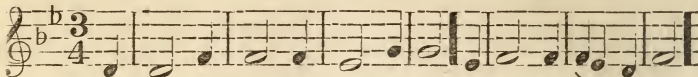
303 *Room at the Lord's Table.*

- 1 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.
- 2 Yet is his house and heart so large
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.
- 3 All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

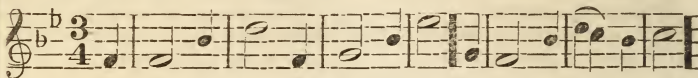
Andante.



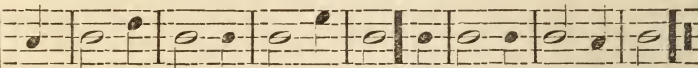
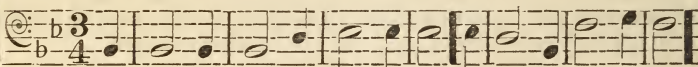
1. When musing sorrow weeps the past, And mourns the present pain,



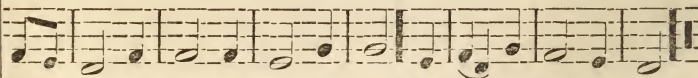
2. 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise, And dread a Father's will;



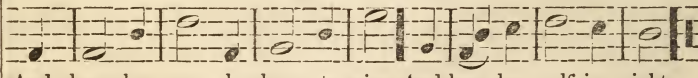
3. It is, that heaven-born faith surveys The path that leads to light,



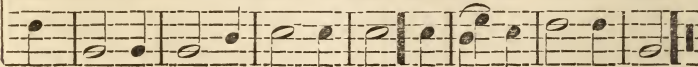
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain.



'Tis not that meek sub - mis - sion flies, And would not suf - fer still.



And longs her ea - gle plumes to raise, And lose her self in sight.



305 *The presence of Christ.*

- 1 Come, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints
Low at thy feet we bend.
- 2 When we thy wond'rous glories hear,
And all thy suff'rings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear!
What rich, unbounded grace!
- 3 How should our songs, like those
With warm devotion rise! [above,
How should our souls on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!
- 4 Come, Lord, thy love alone can
In us the heav'nly flame; [raise
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

306 *Thou shalt teach them to thy Children.*

- 1 Let children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known;
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
To every rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

307 *The Christian Pilgrimage.*

- 1 Soon will appear a brighter sky,
As homeward we go on;
All fears and foes before us fly,
And troubles all be gone.
- 2 The prospect opens, grand and new,
See Salem's walls arise;
Soon shall we brighter glories view
In yonder happy skies.
- 3 And shall we meet in heaven above,
Before Jehovah's face?
For ever bask in beams of love,
With all the angel race?
- 4 It shall be so; let us pursue
With faithfulness our way;
For nothing more have we to do,
But love, believe, obey.

308 *Jesus precious to them that believe.*

- 1 Jesus, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 What'er my noblest powers can
In thee doth richly meet; [wish,
No light unto my eyes so dear,
No friendship half so sweet.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my
And shed its fragrance there; [heart,
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 4 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my expiring breath,
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

Andante.

Music composed for the Family Singing Book, by B. F. BAKER.

1. When fainting in the sultry waste, And parched with thirst extreme,

2. So longs the weary, fainting mind, Oppressed with sin and woes,

3. O, may I thirst for thee, my God, With ardent, strong desire ;

4. Then shall my prayer to thee ascend, A grateful sac - ri - fice ;

The wea - ry pilgrim longs to taste The cool, re - fresh - ing stream.

Some soul - re - viv - ing spring to find, Whence heavenly comfort flows.

And still, through all this des - ert road, To taste thy grace as - pire.

My mourning voice thou wilt at - tend, And grant me full sup - plies.

310 *Parting Hymn.*

- Through thee we here together
 In singleness of heart ; [came,
 We met, O, Jesus, in thy name,
 And in thy name we part.
- 2 We part in body, not in mind ;
 Our minds continue one ;
 And, each to each in Jesus joined,
 We hand in hand go on.
- 3 Present we still in spirit are,
 And intimately nigh,
 While on the wings of faith and pray'r
 We each to other fly.
- 4 Our life is hid with Christ in God ;
 Our Life shall soon appear,
 And shed his glory all abroad
 In all his members here.

311 *Early Religion.*

- 1 In the soft season of thy youth,
 In Nature's smiling bloom,
 Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
 Its summons to the tomb ;
- 2 Remember thy Creator, God ;
 For him thy powers employ ;
 Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
 Thy confidence, thy joy.
- 3 He shall defend and guide thy
 Through life's uncertain sea, [course
 Till thou art landed on the shore
 Of bless'd eternity.
- 4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and
 The path of heavenly truth : [choose
 The earth affords no lovelier sight
 Than a religious youth.

312 *The Knowledge of God.*

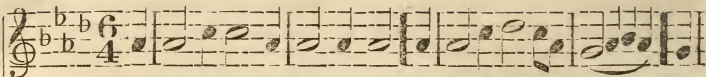
- 1 Shine forth, Eternal Source of light!
 And make thy glories known ;
 Fill our enlarged, adoring sight
 With lustre all thine own.
- 2 Vain are the charms, and faint the
 The brightest creatures boast : [rays
 And all their grandeur and their
 Is in thy presence lost. [praise
- 3 To know the author of our frame
 Is our sublimest skill ;
 True science is to read thy name,
 True life to do thy will.
- 4 For this I long, for this I pray,
 And following on pursue,
 Till visions of eternal day
 Fix and complete the view.

313 *Religious Retirement.*

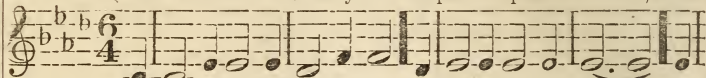
- 1 Far from the world, O Lord ! I flee,
 From strife and tumult far ;
 From scenes where sin is waging still
 Its most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With prayer and praise agree ;
 And seem, by thy sweet bounty made
 For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode ;
 O with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God.
- 4 Author and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet Source of light divine,
 And all harmonious names in one,
 My Father—thou art mine !

From the Musical Pioneer, by permission.

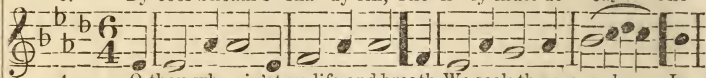
I. B. WOODBURY.



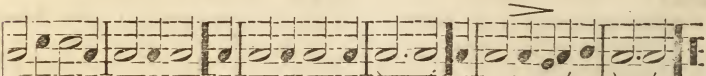
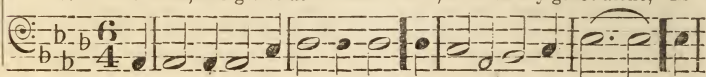
1. By cool Siloam's sha - dy rill, How fair the li - ly grows! How
 2. Lo! such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose



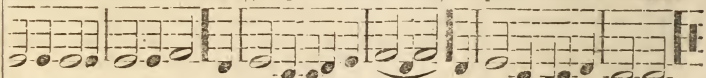
3. By cool Siloam's sha - dy rill, The li - ly must de - cay: The



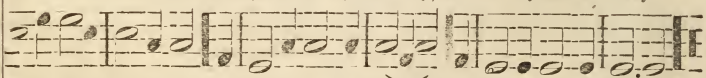
4. O thou, who giv'st us life and breath, We seek thy grace alone, In



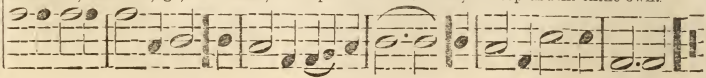
sweet the breath beneath the hill, Of sharon's dewy rose, Of sharon's dew - y rose!
 secret heart, with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God, Is upward drawn to God.



rose that blooms beneath the hill, Must shortly fade away, Must shortly fade a - way.



childhood, manhood, age, and death, To keep us still thine own, To keep us still thine own.



315 *The Gospel of Peace.*

- 1 Joy to the earth! the Prince of
His banner has unfurled; Peace
Let strife, and sin, and error cease,
And joy pervade the world!
- 2 Praise ye the Lord! for truth and
His word and life display; [grace
Let every soul his love embrace,
And own his gentle sway.
- 3 Peace on the earth, good will to
Embraced the Gospel plan; [men,
Let that sweet strain be heard again,
Which angel-tones began.
- 4 Joy to the isles and lands afar,
Messiah reigns above;
Let every eye behold the star,
The star of light and love.

316 *Remember thy Creator.*

- 1 In the glad morn of life, when youth
With generous ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose;
- 2 Deep on thy soul—before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,—
Be thy Creator's lofty name
And character engraved.
- 3 For soon the shades of grief may
The sunshine of thy days; [cloud
And cares and toils, an endless round,
Encompass all thy ways.
- 4 True wisdom, early sought and gain-
In age will give thee rest; [ed,
O then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest!

[10]

317 *Hymn for Baptism.*

- 1 Baptized into our Saviour's death,
Our souls to sin must die;
With Christ our Lord we live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.
- 2 There, by his Father's side he sits,
Enthroned divinely fair,
Yet owns himself our Brother still,
And our Forerunner there.
- 3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above our choicest treasure lies,—
And be our hearts above.
- 4 But earth and sin will draw us
When we attempt to fly; [down,
Lord, send thy strong, attractive pow'r
To fix our souls on high.

318 *Walking with God.*

- 1 O, for a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

"SWEET SUMMER CROWNS." C. M.*

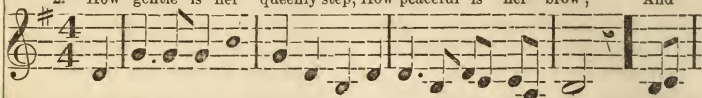
Poetry by Miss F. E. HUDSON.

BURGHMULLER

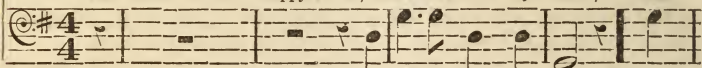
P. DUET.



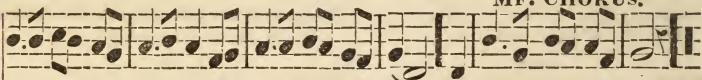
1. Sweet summer crowns the smiling earth With beauty, light and love; O'er
 2. How gentle is her queenly step, How peaceful is her brow; And



3. The music of all happy hearts, Attends her eve - ry - where; The



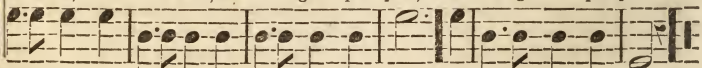
MF. CHORUS.



all our hearts she breathes her breath Of joy, like that above, Of joy like that a - bove.
 beautiful the living smile, Her bright lip weareth now, Her bright lip weareth now.



roses rise, the lil-ies bend, Meet homage to pre - pare, Meet homage to pre - pare.



4
 The queen of beauty, love and joy,
 Of peace and purity!
 Our hearts shall rise, our souls shall bend,
 To meet and welcome thee.

5
 We'll drink of thy o'erflowing cup,
 Nor grieve that it must pass;
 But be to every human heart,
 What thou hast been to us.

* By permission of O. Ditson. From the Wreath of School Songs.

320*Spring.*

- 1 When verdure clothes the fertile
And blossoms deck the spray, [vale,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!
- 2 Hark! how the feathered warblers
'Tis nature's cheerful voice; [sing!
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.
- 3 O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart;
Then shall my meditation trace
Spring blooming in my heart.
- 4 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song,
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

321 " *The Hymn of Summer.*"

- 1 How glad the tone when summer's sun
Wreathes the gay world with flow'rs,
And trees bend down with golden fruit,
And birds are in the bowers!
- 2 The moon sends silent music down
Upon each earthly thing;
And always, since creation's dawn,
The stars together sing.
- 3 Shall man remain in silence, then,
While all beneath the skies
The chorus joins? no, let us sing,
And while our voices rise,
- 4 O, let our lives, great God, breathe
A constant melody; [forth
And every action be a tone
In that sweet hymn to thee!

322*Seasons.*

- 1 With songs and honors sounding
Address the Lord on high; [loud,
O'er all the heavens he spreads his
And waters veil the sky. [cloud.
- 2 He sends his showers of blessings
To cheer the plains below; [down,
He makes the grass the mountains
And corn in valleys grow. [crown,
- 3 His steady counsels change the face
Of each declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
- 4 On us his providence has shone,
With gentle, smiling rays;
O, may our lips and lives make known
His goodness and his praise.

323 *The Promises of the Year.*

- 1 The year begins with promises
Of joyful days to come,
Of Sabbath bells, of times of prayer,
Of thoughts on heaven, our home:
- 2 Of seed-time, with its gentle winds,
Soft dews and healthful showers,
And streamlets gushing from the hills,
And birds, and opening towers:
- 3 Of summer, with its warbling choir
Amid the balmy leaves;
Of autumn, with its fragrant herbs
And fruits and bending sheaves:
- 4 Of countless mercies from our God,
Who rules the changeful years,
Both here and in the world of love,
Beyond the heavenly spheres.

With tenderness.

By permission. I. B. WOODBURY.

1. How gentle God's commands! How kind his precepts are!

2. His bounty will pro - vide! His saints se - cure - ly dwell;

3. Why should this anxious load Press down your wea - ry mind?

Come, cast your burden on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.

That hand which bears creation up, Shall guard his chil - dren well.

O, seek your heavenly Father's throne, And peace and com - fort find!

325 *Call to the House of Prayer.*

1 Come to the house of prayer,
O ye afflicted, come : [there—
The God of peace shall meet you
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise ;
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love ;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be
Your lips forget to move. [dumb,

4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all—
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call—

6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

326 *Looking to God.*

1 Great Father, good and kind !
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

2 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine ;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

327 *Christian Fellowship.*

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 From sorrow, toil and sin,
Soon shall we all be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

328 *Where is Heaven?*

1 Our heaven is everywhere,
If we but love the Lord,
Unswerving tread the narrow way,
And ever shun the broad.

2 'Tis where the trusting heart
Bows meekly to its grief,
Still looking up with earnest faith
For comfort and relief.

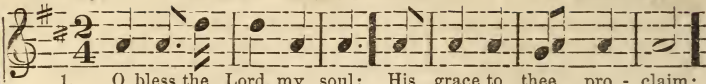
3 Where guileless infancy
In happiness doth dwell,
And where the aged one can say
" He hath done all things well."

4 Wherever truth abides,
Sweet peace is ever there ;
If we but love and serve the Lord,
Our heaven is everywhere.

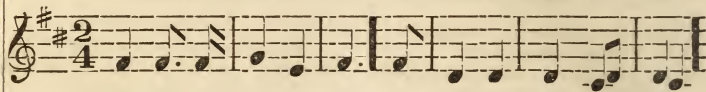
Lively.

From the Dulcimer, By permission.

Scotch Tune.



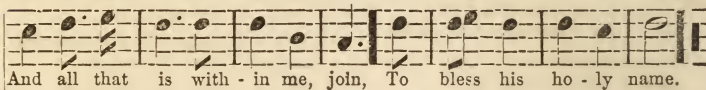
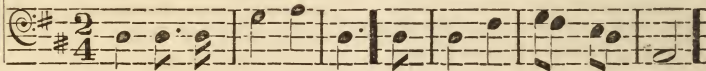
1. O bless the Lord, my soul; His grace to thee pro - claim;



2. O bless the Lord, my soul; His mercies bear in mind;



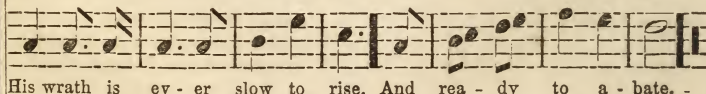
3. He will not always chide; He will with pa - tience wait;



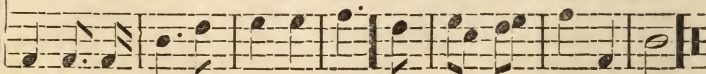
And all that is with - in me, join, To bless his ho - ly name.



For - get not all his ben - e - fits—The Lord to thee is kind.



His wrath is ev - er slow to rise, And rea - dy to a - bate. -



330 *Rejoicing in the Lord's Day.*

- 1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day :
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of folly and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to leave this house of clay
For everlasting bliss.

331 *The Coming of Christ in Power.*

- 1 Lord Jesus, come ; for here
Our path through wilds is laid !
We watch as for the day-spring near,
Amid the breaking shade.
- 2 Lord Jesus, come ; for chains
Are still upon the slave ;
Bind up his wounds, relieve his pains,
The pining bondman save.
- 3 Hark ! herald voices near,
Lead on thy happier day :
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear ;
We wait to strew thy way ;
- 4 Come, as in days of old,
With words of grace and power ;
Gather us all within thy fold,
And let us stray no more.

332 *Summer.*

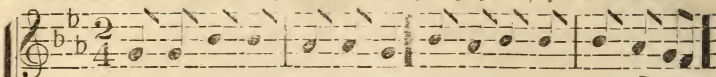
- 1 Great God, at thy command,
Seasons in order rise ;
Thy power and love in concert reign,
Thro' earth, and seas, and skies.
- 2 How balmy is the air !
How warm the sun's bright beams !
While to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.
- 3 With grateful praise we own,
Thy providential hand,
While grass, and herbs, and waving
Adorn and bless the land. [corn,
- 4 But greater still the gift
Of thy beloved Son ;
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
Through endless ages run.

333 *Youth and the Spring-time.*

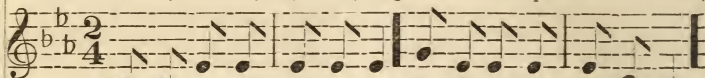
- 1 Sweet is the time of spring,
When nature's charms appear ;
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
And hail the opening year :
But sweeter far the spring
Of wisdom and of grace,
When children bless and praise their
Who loves the youthful race. [King,
- 2 Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky ;
When shades and darkness pass away,
And morning's beams are nigh :
But sweeter far the dawn
Of piety in youth ;
When doubt and darkness are with-
Before the light of truth. [drawn

Andantino.

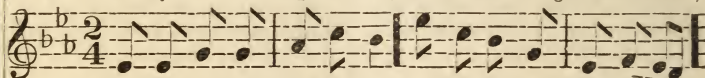
Music composed for the Family Singing Book, by GEO. J. WEBB.



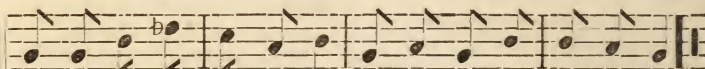
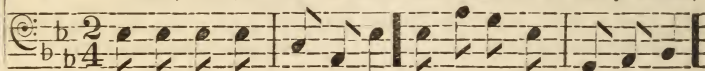
1. Come! said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my path your choice;
2. Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn;



3. Ye, who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
4. Ye by fier-cer anguish torn, In remorse for guilt who mourn,



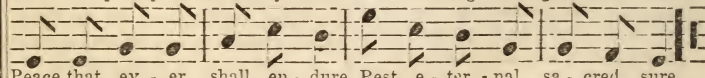
5. Sinner, come; for here is found Balm that flows for every wound,



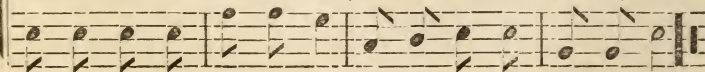
I will guide you to your home; Wea-ry pilgrim, hith-er come!
 Long hast roamed the bar-ren waste, Wea-ry pil-grim, hith-er haste.



Ye, whose weeping, sleep-less eyes Watch to see the morning rise;—
 Here re- pose your hea- vy care: Who the stings of guilt can bear?



Peace that ev- er shall en- dure, Rest e- ter- nal, sa- cred, sure.



335 *The Divine Presence.*

1 They who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place ;
If we love a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness, in our health ;
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer,
God is present everywhere.

4 Then my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father, come and wait ;
He will answer every prayer,
God is present everywhere.

336 *The Harmony of Love.*

1 Lord ! subdue our selfish will ;
Each to each our tempers suit,
By thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute.

2 Sweetly on our spirits move ;
Gently touch the trembling strings :
Make the harmony of love,
Music for the King of kings !

337 *Closing Hymn.*

1 Christians ! brethren ! ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One more hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no
Yet there is a brighter shore ; [more,
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

3 Now to him who reigns in heaven
Be eternal glory given ;
Grateful for thy love divine,
O may all our hearts be thine !

338 *Christ's Resurrection.*

1 Angels, roll the rock away ;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey ;
See ! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour ! Angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise ;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

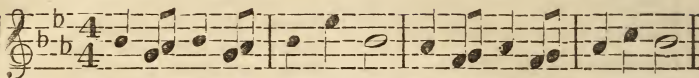
3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes ;
Now to glory see him rise
In long triumph up the sky—
Up to waiting worlds on high.

4 Praise him all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres ;
Shout, O, earth, in rapturous song ;
Let the strains be sweet and strong.

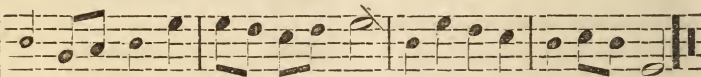
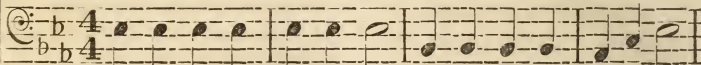
5 Every note with wonder swell,—
And the Saviour's triumph tell ;
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king ?

Words from Bacon's Service Book.

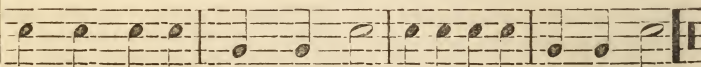
Music by LEVI HAWKES.



1. All things beauti - ful and fair, Earth and sky and balmy air,
2. Eve - ry tree and flower we pass, Eve-ry tuft of waving grass,
3. Lit - tle streams that glide a - long, Ver-dant, mos-sy banks among,
4. He who dwell-eth high in heaven Un - to us all things hath given,



Sun - ny field, and sha - dy grove, Gently whisper, "God is love."
 Eve - ry leaf and open - ing bud, Seem to tell us, "God is good."
 Shadowing forth the clouds a - bove, Soft-ly murmur, "God is love."
 Let us, as through life we move, Ev - er feel that "God is love."



Invocation Hymn.

- 1 Father, at thy footstool see
 Those who now are one in thee:
 Draw us by thy grace alone;
 Give, O give us to thy Son.
- 2 Jesus, friend of human kind,
 Let us in thy name be joined;
 Each to each unite and bless;
 Keep us still in perfect peace.
- 3 Heavenly, all-alluring Dove,
 Shed thy overshadowing love;
 Love, the sealing grace impart;
 Dwell within our single heart.

340 *Jesus our Leader.*

1 Feeble, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die?
Who, O God, my guide shall be?
Who shall lead thy child to thee?

2 Blessed Father, gracious One,
Thou hast sent thy holy Son;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.

3 Thus in deed, and thought and word
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die.

4 Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above;—
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee, my Father, near.

341 *The Christian rejoicing in Hope.*

1 Children of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lord, submissive make us go,
Ready, leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

342 *Thanksgiving.*

1 Swell the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the Heavenly King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey,—
Never feel oppression's rod,—
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

343 *Holy Contentment.*

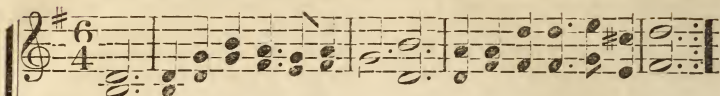
1 Lord, my times are in thy hand:
All my fondest hopes have planned;
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

2 Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to thee I live:
So shall added years fulfil
Not my own, my Father's will.

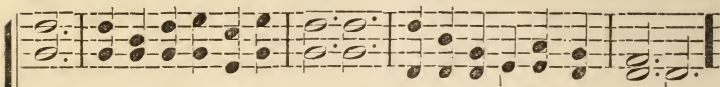
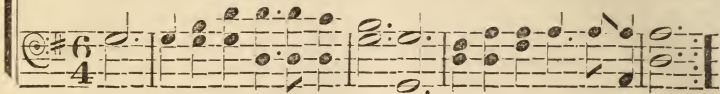
3 Fond ambition, whisper not;
Happy is my humble lot:
Anxious, busy cares, away:
I'm provided for to-day.

4 O, to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer,
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude!

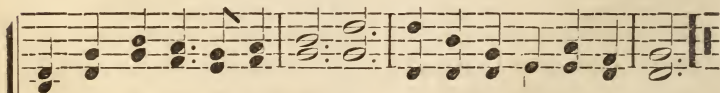
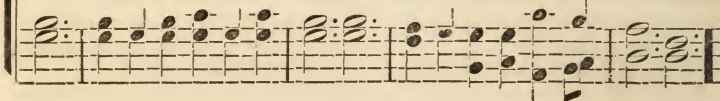
Music composed for the Family Singing Book, by DR. LOWELL MASON.



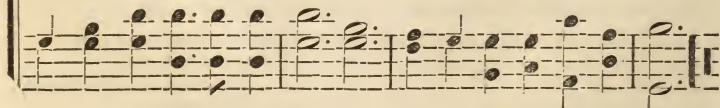
1. A - way with our sorrow and fear; We soon shall recover our home; }
 The ci - ty of saints shall appear, The day of e - ter - ni - ty come: }



From earth we shall quickly remove, And mount to our native a - bode, The



house of our Father a - bove, The pal - ace of an - gels and God.



2 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here ;
Her walls are of jasper and gold ;
As crystal her buildings are clear ;
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

3 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is followed by night,
Where Christ does his brightness dis-
A pure and a permanent light:[play,
The Lamb is their Light and their Sun,
And lo, by reflection, they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine !

345 *Christ's Glories divine.*

1 My gracious Redeemer I'll love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 No sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest me again ;
Perfection of glory reigns there.
There I in Christ's image shall shine
In robes of salvation and praise,
And banquet on pleasures divine,
Where he his full beauty displays.

346 *Resurrection and Glory of Christ.*

1 Behold, the bright morning appears,
And Jesus revives from the grave !
His rising removes all our fears,
And proves him almighty to save.
How strong were his tears and his cries!
The worth of his blood how divine!
How perfect his great sacrifice,
Who rose, though he suffered for sin!

2 The Head that was covered with thorns,—
The Man who on Calvary died,
The Man who bore scourging and scorn,
Whom sinners agreed to deride,—
Now happy forever is made,
And life has rewarded his pain ;
Now glory has covered his head :
This is the true Lamb that was slain.

3 Believing we share in his joy,
By faith we partake of his rest ;
With him we can cheerfully die,
For with him we hope to be blest.
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

347 *Joining the Praise of Nature.*

1 The winter is over and gone, [spray,
The thrush whistles sweet on the
The turtle breathes forth her sweet moan,
The lark mounts and warbles away.
Awake then my harp and my lute,
Sweet organs, your notes softly swell!
No longer my lips shall be mute,
The Saviour's high praises to tell.

Slow and soft.

From Carmina Sacra, by permission.

1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and lovely, Gentle as the summer breeze,
 2. Peaceful be thy si - lent slumber, Peaceful in the grave so low;

3. Dear - est sis - ter, thou hast left us, *Here* thy loss we deeply feel,
 4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled,

Pleasant as the air of evening When it floats among the trees.
 Thou no more wilt join our number, Thou no more our songs shalt know.

But 'tis God that hath be - reft us, He can all our sor - row heal.

Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.

349 *Joyful Hope.*

- 1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin and fear, and care ;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do, or bear.
- 2 Think what spirit dwells within thee ;
Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
Think what Jesus did to win thee ;—
Child of heaven! canst thou repine?
- 3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed with faith, and winged with prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
- 4 Soon shall cease thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

350 *Prayer for the Slave.*

BY MRS. M. A. LIVERMORE.

- 1 Father, who of old descended
From thy throne above the sky,
And thine Israel's rights defended,
Hear the bondman's anguished cry !
- 2 Hear how Ethiopia crieth,
Kneeling on the blood-stained sod ;
And how sable Afric' sigheth,
Lifting up her hands to God !
- 3 From the grasp of strong oppression,
From the tyrant's rusting chain,
And from slavery's deep depression,
With its life-long hours of pain ;
- 4 From our country's wide savannas,
Let the cry come up to thee,
Let the prayers become hosannas—
Father, set thy children free !

351 *Hymn to the departed.*

BY MRS. E. H. COBB.

- 1 Gentle spirit! hover o'er us !
Let us feel thy presence here ;
Set thine angel face before us,
Let us know that thou art near.
- 2 From thy home in realms of glory,
Come our fainting hearts to fill ;
Seraph voices! pure, and holy !
Bid our trembling souls "be still."
- 3 May that light so brightly shining
From the Fount of endless love,
And the cords our souls entwining,
Draw us up to God above.
- 4 And by faith may we behold thee,
Walking now the streets of gold ;
Seeing beauties all untold thee,
Till thou didst their charms behold.
- 5 Come! O come, with glory beaming,
Fill our souls with love divine !
Let that grace, with power redeeming,
With unclouded luster shine !

352 *Invocation to Divine Love.*

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
- 2 Father! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.
- 3 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast ;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.

RECIPROCATION.

An old air harmonized for the Family Singing Book, by Mrs. SARAH. C. T. COX.

1. I would love thee, God and Father! My Redeemer and my King! I would
 2. I would love thee, full of kindness, Thou who first show'dst love for me, I would

love thee; for without thee, Life would be a bitter thing, Life would be a bitter thing.
 love thee, my pro-tec-tor; I for ref- uge flee to thee, I for refuge flee to thee.

- 3 I would love thee; ev'ry blessing
 Flows to me from out thy throne:
 I would love thee—he who loves thee
 Never feels himself alone.
- 4 I would love thee. Look upon me,
 Ever guide me by thine eye;
 I would love thee; if not nourished
 By thy love, my soul would die.
- 5 I would love thee; may thy brightness
 Dazzle my rejoicing eyes!
 I would love thee; may thy goodness
 Watch from heaven o'er all I prize!
- 6 I would love thee—thee my refuge,
 While the evil days increase;
 I would love thee: thee I seek for,
 Thou exhaustless source of peace.
- 7 I would love thee; I have vowed it;
 On thy love my heart is set;
 While I love thee, I will never
 The Redeemer's blood forget.

Milk
50

Portland, Me
Apr 12

